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SUZETTE'S DOWRY.

BRITISH MUSEUM

SUZETTE'S DOWRY;

OR

THE HISTORY

OF

MADAM DE SENNETERRE.

RELATED BY HERSELF.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

SUZETTE'S DOWRY.

I was born at Saint Domingo. At ten years of age, my father sent me to France, that I might receive an education which the most considerable fortune would not have enabled him to give me near his own person; for, my birth cost my mother her life, and in those burning climates, men live so free with their slaves, that my father, doubtless, feared the effect of first impressions, always so dangerous to youthful minds. We had relations at Paris; it was to them I went, accompanied by my brother, who had been a partner with me in the voyage and was then twenty-five years of age.

After some days' repose, and some weeks sacrificed to seeing all that Paris can have to seduce a child of my age, I was placed in a Convent. I have often heard the education which is received there very much complained of. For my part, I have no reason to be dissatisfied, and never shall I forget the gratitude I owe to sister Ursula. I have lost all that fortune had bestowed on me; during my whole life, I shall retain the fruits of the lessons of that respectable Sister. On entering the Convent, I knew nothing, I could not even read; but I was not ignorant that I possessed many charms; on the other hand, my father's profuseness on my account did not leave me in doubt of my being rich. I was accustomed to command and did not believe that I could obey: in a word, I was too much occupied with myself not to be insupportable to others.

I had not spent a month in the Convent, before I was hated by all my companions; that was indifferent to me; I did not feel the want of friendship. My whims having been always studied from my infancy, I had not yet experienced the smallest emotion of sensibility, not even for my father. He spoiled me; and I did not truly love him; this, I believe, is but too often the case. Too much condescension to children produces the same effect as too much severity. For this very reason, I had a great respect and attachment for my brother, the only being, who, till then, would never choose to submit himself to my caprices. He came to see me and I asked him to let me quit the Convent, which wearied me to death. He attempted to reason with me, I wept; he left me, and I remained suffocated with rage and spite.

In this situation it was that I met Sister Ursula; she pitied me. For the first time, I felt the want of consolation; she gave it with so much sweetness, mingling with her soothing expressions such solid arguments, and so much within my comprehension, that to love and reflect were with me the effect of an instant. I yielded myself to her counsels. The fear of displeasing her was the first punishment which preceded her reproaches when I merited them. What shall I say? In the course of three months, I regained the love of my companions; I deserved the kind attentions of my masters, whom I had till then believed too happy in being paid for teaching me nothing; I acquired the friendship of the governess who was placed over me and who had several times wished to leave me, because I struck her. At the age of twelve, my lost time was in a great measure repaired. My brother applauded my progress, and the change in my disposition; Sister Ursula

rejoiced—it was her own work: self-love told her that she ought to complete it, and she every day inspired me with more emulation and more modesty. In a word, I was sixteen, when they spoke to me the first time about quitting the Convent. The idea gave me pain. I loved study, and above all, solitude; not that Sister Ursula had taught me to consider religion as incompatible with the world; bigotry was beneath her ideas; she well knew that my family intended me to live in society, and the principles of piety which she had instilled into my mind, were as solid as enlightened. "I have known grief, and it is then I have experienced how much greater the strength which one seeks in the bosom of Divinity is superior to all human consolation. Religion had sprung from misfortune, had not susceptible souls derived the want of it from gratitude.

I was desirous of prolonging my residence at the Convent; but that was impossible. My brother was on the point of marrying a rich heiress of Saint Domingo; she came with her mother to visit me, and expressed a desire that I should accept an apartment at her house. On quitting the Convent, to be present at the nuptials, I was never more to enter it. Sister Ursula, notwithstanding the grief she felt at our separation, was the first to congratulate me on this opportunity of becoming acquainted with the world, before I took any engagement myself. "My dear girl," said she, "we are not to be blamed, if our pupils so rarely profit by the care we take to instruct them. They scarcely ever quit our peaceful abode but to be married; this too speedy change, from a state of ignorance as to society, to a situation which prescribes its most sacred duties, is equally prejudicial to the virtuous precepts with which we have inspired them, and to those

which it behoves them to cultivate. Piety, talents and modesty, are requisite in all situations of life. Our duty is to teach them; but, I have often thought that worldly experience and reflection give birth to ideas, which it is impossible we should possess, and which it would be difficult to explain, if we even had them. Profit then by such a favourable occasion; try your liberty, before you subject yourself to the bonds of Hymen; know the pleasures of the world, that you may estimate their value, and learn to subject them to your duty; thus you will become, if heaven permit, as good a wife and as respectable a mother, as you have been an interesting and tractable pupil."

I went to reside with my brother, and had leisure to verify the good instructions of Sister Ursula. The first months of his marriage made me look upon it as the most happy state. Nothing but en-

tertainments, assemblies, and wishes anticipated on either side; they could neither quit each other for an instant without regret, nor meet without pleasure. By degrees, this ardor cooled; they persuaded themselves that they no longer loved each other, because they had foolishly imagined that they should love for ever, with the same fervor and in the same manner.

My brother had accustomed himself to give way to all the wishes of his wife, when he had no other than hers; he appeared fantastic and tyrannical, as soon as he attempted to remonstrate. They quarrelled, and the reconciliation always turned to advance the authority of my sister-in-law. Unhappy is that imprudent man, who begins to live with his wife as with a mistress; he is endangering the tranquillity of his future life. Symptoms of pregnancy again placed my brother at the feet of his wife; a fall from her horse, which happened through an unpardonable im-

prudence in her situation, at once bereft her of health, her child, and the friendship of her husband.

At this period, we had intelligence of my father's death, and our mansion naturally dull, since division had become an inmate, now appeared still more so. My brother had avoided letting me see into the recesses of his soul; but, whilst we were indulging a grief which was common to both, he could not refrain from making me acquainted with his own disquietudes. I did not hesitate to blame his conduct; for, my sister-in-law had essential qualities, and an excellent heart. He had spoiled her by too much kindness; he might alienate her entirely by too much coldness and severity. My arguments touched him, and I had the satisfaction of restoring to this couple, who strongly interested me, a tranquillity which was never after disturbed. My

sister-in-law, who was not unacquainted with the part I had taken in this business, and who had till then, rallied me on what she called the austerity of my principles, gave me fewer demonstrations of friendship, and loved me with more sincerity.

Those men who composed our society often told me that I was handsome, and knew very well that I was a rich orphan. An estate of sixty thousand *livres* was a dowry which had given admirers to a woman bereft of charms and accomplishments. But I had acquired such a habit of reflecting upon the duties of every state, that marriage filled me with a kind of dread. They pressed me to make a choice; I continually hesitated, and was accused of coquettry, when the truth is, that I was only guilty of too much timidity.

My brother had become intimately acquainted with a Mr. de Senneterre, a man of great merit, an illustrious name, and whose fortune, which was rather small, was still burthened with debts to some amount, which his father had left unpaid at his death. The intimacy that subsisted between him and my brother was such that Mr. de Senneterre was the only gentleman with whom my sister-in-law and myself were free from ceremony. With a cultivated mind, a manly figure, a noble appearance, he had so much good-nature, that we treated him as a relation, from whom nothing was concealed. Add to this his long affection for a charming woman, whose parents had compelled her to marry an old man, but who, having become a widow, only waited the time which decency requires, in order to crown his love; that this lady was of our society, and it will not appear surprising that my sister-in-law, as well as myself, had ac-

quired the habit of regarding as a brother one of the handsomest men in Paris. He also would often solicit me to form an engagement; we took a review of all our acquaintance; he laughed at the remarks I made on their characters, accused me of being too nice, and gaily predicted that I should end like the girl mentioned by Lafontaine. With the same sprightliness, I laughed at his prediction, assuring him that I would determine as soon as I could find his copy, or that, finding that impossible, I should wait till he became a widower.

I say it *now*, when I could, without blushing, confess to the contrary; I had *then* no love for Mr. de Senneterre; I *esteemed* him, for it was impossible not to do him justice; but, had he been capable of abandoning for me, a woman to whom he had shown such a constant attachment, I should have abjured the idea I had formed

of his character, and he would have been the last man to whom I should have united my destiny.

On the contrary, it was this constancy to his attachment that made him my husband. He had the misfortune to see the woman he loved die almost suddenly; his affliction was so unfeigned, that it penetrated my very soul. It was to us only that he came for consolation; we spoke to him with such concern on the loss he had sustained, we mingled our praises with such sincerity to those with which he honored the memory of this woman, still beloved by him, we listened with so much kindness to what he repeatedly uttered with so much sensibility, that we, at length, succeeded in moderating his grief, by sharing it with him. This is the only mean by which hearts truly afflicted can find consolation. I soon perceived that I reflected involun-

tarily on the happiness that awaited the woman who should be fortunate enough to make an impression on Mr. de Senneterre: I did not imagine he could love with the same ardor, but I felt that his friendship would be more precious to me than the uncertain love of another husband.

No, the cruel disappointments I have since experienced, have not been able to efface from my heart those impressions which decided the fate of my life. I was no sooner convinced of the sentiments with which Mr. de Senneterre had inspired me, than I exerted in my conduct towards him as much reserve as I had hitherto displayed frankness. This change struck him, and far from divining the cause, he complained to my brother of the fate that robbed him, almost at the same time, of the object of his constant love and the consolations of a friendship,

to which he had so tenderly habituated himself. Fearing he had unconsciously displeased me, he often pressed me to make known my injuries, protesting that nothing in the world would give him such pain as the loss of my esteem. His words were so tender, his looks so affecting, that the fear of betraying myself by too much sensibility, gave an additional coldness to my answers; and if I really had had any cause of complaint against him, I could not have treated him otherwise than I did. His visits became less frequent, and my severity augmented; for, the pain his absence gave me added to my passion and to the fear of his guessing at what passed in my heart. Happily, my brother drew the secret from me, and confessed it to Mr. de Senneterre, who alone could make me happy. He could scarcely believe, that, with all the advantages nature and fortune had lavished on me, I had fixed my choice on him, whom I had known

on the point of uniting himself to another; before whom he had, unrestrained, breathed forth his regret. He did not suspect that the excess of his grief was the first cause of my passion. And why should not I have loved that man, whose sensibility had been tried, when we every day see so many women unite their destiny to beings, who boast of their multifarious connections, and to whom marriage, like the rest, is often but a conquest of the moment? If I was not unacquainted with Mr. de Senneterre's having preferred a woman, whose memory he still revered, I was, at least, persuaded that I should have no rival.

My brother was too well pleased with the idea of binding by the ties of blood the best of friends, not to press the union. I was nineteen when it took place. I expected from Mr. de Senneterre no more than a friendship which would have satisfied

my heart, and I found in him a tender and affectionate husband, an enlightened guide, a sincere friend. Prejudging well enough of me to believe that the pleasure of the world could not alone occupy my mind, he admitted me to the management of his affairs, which his father's dissipation had greatly deranged. We made a journey to his estates; we satisfied part of the creditors; and, after having made arrangements with the rest, we furnished our house at Paris suitably to our fortune. A chosen society, an intimacy still more pleasing, the happiness of my brother and his wife, added to my felicity. Heaven, which had till then lavished its favors on me, now completed my happiness, I became a mother; Mr. de Senneterre's joy surpassed mine—we had a son.

As I wished to suckle it myself, I went to one of our estates, as soon as I could without danger, and, thanks to the life I

led, far from my child weakening me, my health was restored, and I considerably got the better of that extreme delicacy, which had almost constantly compelled me to adopt a regimen, disagreeable at my time of life.

I was nearly two years absent from Paris, regretting the loss of nothing but my brother and his wife, who had had the kindness to come and reside with me during the absence of Mr. de Senneterre, who had been compelled to leave me for some time—he was in the army. My sister-in-law envied my happiness, I was a mother; and whether, owing to her natural disposition, or the effect of the fall she had experienced when pregnant, she began to despair of having any children, and in fact, she never had any. Her tenderness, as well as my brother's, was exerted towards my child, at whose strength I was really astonished. Happy times! not a day, of

which you were composed, but forms an æra in my soul. The memory, which has its source in a mother's sensations, can never be weakened.

I shall pass over ten years of my life, which were but as one moment of uninterrupted happiness. Mr. de Senneterre made me constantly bless the day when I first knew him; my son grew and was brought up under me. His education, over which his father presided, gave me hopes that he would resemble him in every thing. We had nothing to fear in him but a vivacity which carried him equally to good or bad, but which might be properly directed with care, and a firmness of character astonishing at his years. Mr. de Senneterre sometimes reproached me with too much condescension; in my turn, I blamed him for too much severity. My brother, who looked upon his nephew as his heir, accused both my husband and

myself with tormenting him about sciences, to which he paid less attention than to the caresses of my child; in short, each of us loved him in his own way; he was the cause of our pleasures, of our conversations, of our love and our hopes.

I was upwards of thirty, and as yet unacquainted with misfortune. The first keen sorrow I felt took place when I was compelled to separate from my brother, for whom I had so many motives of attachment. On learning that the administrator general of our estates was dead, he thought that the order of our affairs, and the safety of our fortune required his presence at Saint Domingo. His wife had been for some time desirous of returning into those parts, for which she still preserved a pleasing recollection. The occasion was decisive, they quitted us. This separation struck to my heart. My intimate society, almost reduced to my fa-

mily, was now bereft of those who had been its most precious charm; an involuntary presentiment continually told me that I should never behold them more. The friendship of my husband, the caresses of my son, who then approached his thirteenth year, softened my sorrow without entirely dispelling it.

Six months after their departure, Mr. de Senneterre fell so dangerously ill, that his recovery was, as it were, but a gentle declivity, which carried him to the grave, and which kept me for two years in the cruel torment of regarding every day as the last of his life. His lungs were still affected, a great change was visible in his countenance; the physicians gave me hopes which they themselves did not cherish; and my husband, who felt his end approaching, collected all his strength to hide from me his anguish, and dissemble those sufferings, which my sensibility

would but have rendered more insupportable. He rose, even till the last day, and, in spite of my remonstrances, passed the greater part of his time in writing. This model of husbands and of good fathers, convinced that death was on the point of snatching his prey, still wished to live to watch over his wife and son. He addressed consolations to me, against that period when he should no longer exist; traced out the line of conduct I should adopt to complete the education of our child, and wrote a letter addressed to him, but which was delivered to me unsealed; leaving to my prudence the choice of a period when I might use it with safety.

It was in the midst of these tender cares, which so forcibly displayed the goodness of his soul, that death surprised him. He expired in my arms. I have never known what became of me at that dreadful crisis: all I can recollect is, that,

when I regained my faculties, I found myself in bed, surrounded by part of my family, and that of Mr. de Senneterre, of whom I was peremptorily ordered not to speak, and that it was with difficulty I obtained permission not to be separated from my son. Amiable young man! he was the only one whose heart was in unison with mine; on his knees he supplicated the preservation of his mother; but he had not the barbarity to insist that I should not unceasingly utter the name of his father. We repeated it together; together we wept; our tears, our kisses were mingled, and if these powerful efforts of sensibility augmented our sorrow, I am persuaded that they saved us from despair.

When able to support myself, I got myself conveyed to the convent where I had been brought up. The exhortations of Sister Ursula, the liberty of sighing at

the foot of the altar, and the caresses of my dear Adolphus, inspired me with courage to live and to take care of his fortune. By Mr. de Senneterre's will, the guardianship of our child was left to me, and he had named for trustee a great uncle, who resided on one of our estates, and whose only fortune was his tried probity, an amiable old age, some scars, the cross of Saint Louis, and a pension of twelve hundred livres. These dispositions did not seem to please the family of Mr. de Senneterre, but they confirmed me more in the esteem I owed to my husband. The man whom he had named for the joint guardian of Adolphus, was, indeed, worthy of superintending the education of a prince; it was he had brought up Mr. de Senneterre, whose father was too dissipated to take care of his children, and I was in hopes that he would not refuse to undertake for my son, what he had so happily executed for his nephew. Be-

sides, it being my intention to spend some years far from Paris, I made choice of the estate where this good old man resided; persuaded that the friendship he would feel for Adolphus, would prompt him to do any thing, when thetime came to introduce him to the world. He was then only fifteen.

I once more took up my residence in the country; solitude, which was so adapted to the state of my mind, made my time pass agreeably. I should have renounced Paris for ever, had I not foreseen the necessity of one day returning thither with my son, for whom alone I found pleasure in existing, and to whom I dedicated the rest of my life, determined to sacrifice my taste for this solitary retreat, as soon as it should become prejudicial to his advancement, or that I should otherwise be compelled to be separated from him. It is there I read, with Mr. de Senneterre's

uncle, the plans of instruction which he had traced out, during the last moments of his life, for the education of his son. The principles were conformable to those of this old man, and appeared to me so luminous, that I readily agreed to follow the same plan, and we had the satisfaction to see Adolphus imbibe virtuous habits, at that age when the passions often rise to combat the most happy disposition.

It was then, for the first time, I read the letter which his dying father had addressed to him, and which he had entrusted to my care; I read it, and bathed it with my tears, but I formed the project of never placing it into the hands of my son.

I saw little company in the country; yet sufficient to enable Adolphus to find at my house, and in the neighbourhood, a society that removed him from that silent timidity, which a young man destined for

the world, sometimes contracts, if too long separated from it. Thus my days glided peaceably on between my duty, my recollections, and the pleasure of some generous actions, which alone sufficiently occupied my heart, to afford it a momentary relief from its sadness. Always disposed to serve, without distinction, the villagers of my estate, I, however, gave a preference to widows, who, I felt by myself, required it more than others. To lose a husband, and fear want for his children, appeared to me a situation above the strength of humanity. I have known it, and heaven has permitted me to live.

The period arrived when my son entered the service; his great uncle was kind enough to accompany him. This old man, as I had foreseen, had so greatly attached himself to his nephew, that he even vied in tenderness with me. Adolphus had promised me to write often, and that

his letters should be circumstantial; I was ambitious of becoming his confidant, and our last conversation could not but let him see that if, as a mother, I was jealous of the morals of my son, as a friend, I should not be more severe than those of the present age. The love of pleasure, so natural to a young man, cannot be blamed, except when it draws him from his duty, or leads him to adopt measures which may militate against his interests. I was not deceived in my expectations; he was beloved by his companions, made one in all their parties, without mingling in their debaucheries; formed some connections, which could not attach him, nor, as he expressed himself, entirely satisfy his heart. All his letters, wherein he spoke without restraint, convinced me that love could never be with him but a passion, and not an amusement. He was overflowing with a sensibility which sought to exercise itself. He possessed the loving soul of his fa-

ther, but at an age when reason looks upon an engagement as nothing that made me tremble. My son, with my fortune and that of his father, was certain of an income of upwards of eighty thousand livres; and my brother, who had no children, promised him an additional fortune, which, joined to his name, gave him a right to aspire to the highest establishment. I had never felt ambition for myself, but I confess I did for the only son of Mr. de Senneterre.

Adolphus was eighteen months at his regiment; he returned at the commencement of 1789, and was then approaching his twentieth year. I was astonished at the change which so short an absence had made in his appearance. His form was developed in the most advantageous manner, and added a peculiar grace to all his movements; his countenance had assumed a character of haughtiness, which, with-

out taking from the gentleness I had always observed in it, inspired respect, and even compelled *me* to look upon him as a man, whom I had before regarded as a beloved child. Not that he possessed less tenderness for me, or that his eagerness in anticipating every thing which could give me pleasure was at all diminished; but his knowledge of the world had taught him his own worth. Every qualification presented to me a friend whom my reason applauded; but I involuntarily regretted the ingenuous caresses of my son. None but the heart of a mother can explain these contradictions produced in us by this passage of adolescence to manhood, so rapid with the French; and if we love our grandsons to adoration, it is, doubtless, only because they recal the happy time of their father's youth, and that to the softness of their caresses, is joined the remembrance of those of which we have since felt the deprivation.

I have already ſpoken of my good intentions towards the peasants of my estate. To be perfectly happy, it is necessary to see happiness spread around one; this is one of the privileges of fortune, and I enjoyed it. Not that I was willing that any man should relinquish his way of life; I never listened to the desires of such as expressed the wish of sending their children to the city; I wished labourers to be easy enough in their circumstances to feel a love for work, not to regret that they were not superior to that situation in which heaven had placed them. At my arrival, I had learned that a young girl, absolutely without resource at the death of her parents, had found an asylum in the house of some villagers, poor, and already charged with a numerous family; This action deserved a recompence, and I gave it; I also took charge of the child, which was then eleven years of age, and named Suzette.

When I saw her, I was tempted to abandon the rules of prudence, which I had prescribed to myself, and to take her with me. Never had nature formed any thing more beautiful; never to beauty was joined such an irresistible charm as that which was felt on beholding Suzette. My reflections guarded me against the interest she inspired. Fearful of myself, fearing the time when I should be obliged to return to Paris, that city where she would be exposed to all kinds of seduction, I determined on leaving her under the protection of the keeper of my country-villa, who, by my order, did not suffer her to quit her station in life, nor receive any other than the education of a village-school. Suzette, who had never been ambitious of greater happiness, was docile and thankful, and I had but to applaud myself for what I had done for her. Always modest, laborious, she grew up conciliating the esteem of those who had the care of her.

Neat and cleanly in her village-dress, her beauty might have subjected her to the imputation of coquetry, had not the simplicity of her manners acquitted her from such suspicions. She approached her sixteenth year, and I thought of looking out for a husband, whom the portion which I intended to give her, would have enabled me to select—when my son came back from his regiment.

He loved Suzette, and loved her with a violence, of which it would be difficult to form an idea: every body about me had perceived his passion, and I was still ignorant of it. Our great uncle had not thought proper to inform me of any thing, as he looked upon it as a mere insignificant whim. I could very well perceive that Adolphus was either very gay, or very melancholy; one time, he would press me to return to Paris, and at another, he wished to prolong his stay in the country; I

was far from suspecting that a look more or less tender from Suzette influenced his desires, and I only attributed his fickleness to that vacuity of imagination which does not as yet know where to fix itself.

I was thunderstruck when the person to whose care I had entrusted Suzette, having requested a private audience, begged that I would either take away that child from him, or adopt some measures for preventing Mr. de Senneterre from going so very often to his house. I put some questions to him, and his answers left me no room to doubt of my son's passion for Suzette.

"But," said I, "does *she* love him?"—"Why, Milady," answered the man, "I don't know how it could well be otherwise. Milord is so very amiable, that a young girl, whose heart is free, can hardly help returning his passion: but if Suzette loves

your son, she conceals it carefully from herself, from others, and even from Milord, for we have nothing to reproach her with. She refuses to accept of his presents, and if, of late, his lordship amuses himself every Sunday with distributing some little articles of apparel to all the women in the castle, it is that he may have the pleasure of compelling Suzette to adorn herself with his gifts: he scolds her, when she does not wear what he has given her; says she is proud, ungrateful, and flies into such a passion, that frequently we see her coming bathed in tears. Then his lordship arrives quite pale and trembling, he speaks to her with kindness; the poor girl weeps afresh; his lordship becomes distracted, and Suzette cannot comfort him but by promising never to pass a single day without adorning herself with what she has received from him. She dares no longer go out, for fear she should meet him, and when he has not seen her in the course of

the day, we are sure the evening will bring him to us. He speaks kindly of my wife, of our children; he loads us with marks of his goodness, but his looks are constantly on Suzette. If she stays in the room, he contrives to sit by her, and to whisper many things, to which she only answers "yes" or "no." If she goes out, he follows her, and Suzette never comes back, without being highly flushed and complaining that she is unhappy. However, she begged we would not tell your ladyship, because she says you would send her away, and she should still be more unhappy without your ladyship's protection."

The man might have spoken a great deal longer, without any fear of being interrupted; I was agitated by too many sensations. I dismissed him, after commending his zeal, and desiring him of all things not to let any body know that he had given me this information. When

left alone, I vainly endeavoured to fix upon some plan; I knew not what to do, nor whom to consult. My uncle did not believe in love, and had very little faith in woman's virtue; he would have laughed at my fears, and thought it perfectly in order that a young man should try to amuse himself in the country as well as in a garrison. This was his only fault. It would have been of no use to pretend to change the ideas of an old bachelor, who only consoled himself for being compelled to be virtuous by daily recounting the numberless instances in which he had not been so.

What could I do? To keep Suzette in the castle was to expose her to seduction, forfeit the hope of marrying her, and authorise what I could not possibly suffer; to send her away was even worse. Freed from every tie of gratitude towards me, mistress of her own actions, without any

resource, my son would become a necessary support to her, a dangerous benefactor. To send her away, without withholding my protection, could hardly be done without the knowledge of my son, without having some one in my confidence; and if he discovered her retreat, if his love was made known to the world, I subjected Adolphus to ridicule, which our customs treat with more severity than vice, and which often decides of the reputation of a young man. I adopted the project of tempting his generosity, and that night, with an apparent gaiety, I engaged him to breakfast with me, in my closet tête-à-tête, the following morning. To this invitation I joined every appearance of jocularity, the better to dispel his doubts, remove his apprehensions and surprise him. He endeavoured to hide his embarrassment; but, as I was predetermined not to notice it, we quitted each other without further explanation. Doubt-

less he did not enjoy more tranquillity during the night than myself; for, when he came in the morning, his figure bore the marks of fatigue and disorder. He had at this moment such a forcible remembrance to his father, the first day I saw him, after the death of the lady he loved, that my heart sickened at the first look I cast upon him.

After having breakfasted, without exchanging a word, I made him sit down by me; and in a tone of voice which I endeavoured to render expressive of severity, said to him:

"Are you ignorant, my son, of the pain you give me?"—"If I guess the cause, madam, the same object, though by very different motives, equally disturbs our tranquillity. *I* am also unhappy," added he with a sigh. He paused. I saw that, far from wishing to deny the

love he felt for Suzette, he would willingly forget, while speaking, that it was to his mother he was addressing himself; I myself endeavoured to forget both the title and my severity.

" You are unhappy, Adolphus! and what then is wanting to your happiness, when you possess every thing that a man of your age and name can pretend to?" —" To be loved, Madam, or to possess the power of conquering a passion, which my reason condemns, and which is become, in spite of myself, a part of my existence. Ah! my mother, do not blame, but pity me. All that you can say will be nothing to what I have said to myself a hundred times. But the most severe reflections were connected with my love; and that connection gave them a charm which seduced me. To combat the passion I felt for Suzette, was but to think continually about her. The shame

of confessing it to my mother does not perhaps surpass the pleasure of speaking of her. 'Tis the first time I have had the opportunity; I had wished to avoid it, but indeed, till this moment, it was in solitude only that Suzette's name escaped my lips."

"You make me blush, Sir, for your folly and the complaisance with which I am listening to you. But you believe yourself unhappy; Adolphus unhappy shall always be sacred to me, even when I see him weak enough to expose himself to more pity than interest." By the colour that tinged his countenance, by the vivacity of his looks, I could see that he was hurt by this sentence; he was going to answer; but I quickly added: "What do you hope from this mad passion, which you would not dare avow before any other than an over-fond mother? Suzette, brought up by me, guarded by my protection; Suzette, without any other for-

tune than her virtue, becomes respectable to you, and I hope that passion has not so far overcome you, as that you should think without horror, of corrupting innocence, of violating without shame the respect due to my house. My son, I have never examined into the duties I had to fulfil towards you; my tenderness made them so easy, that they were to me a continued scene of enjoyment; but, in taking charge of Suzette, before God I have bound myself to attend to her morals, and insure her happiness. In persecuting this innocent creature, it is your mother you attack. At present, it is no longer Suzette, it is me you will every where find opposing your projects, and were you so lost to virtue as to engage her to yield to your passion, it is your mother who becomes responsible to the Divinity. Do not complain of the severity of my principles. Ah! my son, it is to these religious principles you owe my existence,

it is my resignation to the will of Heaven that inspired me with fortitude to live after your father's death. Adolphus, Adolphus! ſhall your passion make you regret that I did possess that courage?"

This reproach was, doubtless, too cutting; but it escaped my lips.

"You had promised me some indulgence, Madam," said he, while passion drew tears from his eyes, "and you treat me as a monster, whose life is already forfeited. While I would give my life to prolong her own, my mother accuses me! ..... Ah! Madam, if you could read in the bottom of my heart, you would know that an unconquerable love, which now drives me to despair, would to-morrow, were it not for my respect for you, make the happiness of my life. I love Suzette in ſpite of myself; I love her to that degree, that I feel death would be preferable

to a separation from her. I have never thought of seducing her; I have only been able to despise my love, and yet nourish it without ceasing. But, setting aside the fear of afflicting my mother, who could prevent my marrying Suzette?"

I was going to interrupt him; he continued:

"See, Madam, how nobility is daily losing power (we were at the end of 1789) Suzette has received every thing from nature: intelligence would soon supply in her the want of education. Should my marriage be blamed in France, I might go to Saint Domingo, where people are not such slaves to prejudice. Nay, fear not, Madam, this is but an idea, and not a project. Projects! it is impossible for me to form any. Overcome by my passion, and a prey to the dreadful idea of forfeiting your friendship, I can only suffer,

happy, indeed, if death comes to deliver me from a situation too much beyond my strength to bear, and prove to you that Adolphus is neither ungrateful, nor the monster his mother ought to have suspected."

" Hold," said I, " let us put an end to a conversation which becomes equally painful to both. I hope you will not desire that I should apologize for a word which my heart disavowed the moment it escaped my lips. All I request is, that you will not see Suzette before I have written to you; for, I feel the inutility of renewing our conference, and the necessity of mutually restoring tranquillity to our minds." I rose, he did the same, and was retiring without turning his eyes towards me.

" Adolphus!" exclaimed I, " you no longer love your mother." He seized my

hand, covered it with kisses, and we parted in tears. At dinner, he begged permission to remain in his apartment. I was not sorry for it, considering the disposition of mind we were both in. I retired to my closet, where I wrote the following letter.

Madame de Senneterre to Adolphus.

" You avoid me, my son, and I " am compelled to confess that I dreaded " seeing you, I, who till now, have suf- " fered every moment I was deprived of " the sight of you. I feel for you from " the bottom of my soul; but, my friend, " society, in placing us in a elevated situ- " ation, has imposed on us duties, which " balance the advantages we receive; it " would be cowardice to betray them; " you are incapable of it. You must re- " nounce Suzette—I do not add or my " friendship; I expect from honor a sacri- " fice which I will owe to that sentiment

" alone. I will take upon myself to pro-
" cure to that child an eſtablishment which
" will afford you the satisfaction of hav-
" ing contributed to her happiness; this
" pleasure will soften your uneasiness,
" when the day ſhall come that you will
" thank your mother for her severity. I
" dare not add that I insist upon this con-
" descension from you, should fear that
" one authoritative act would instantly rob
" me of your tenderness. I send you a
" letter, which your dying father charged
" me to give you; 'tis himself, Adolphus,
" tis his last will that you are going to
" hear. Your mother blesses and loves
" you; she awaits your answer, and does
" not prescribe it."

Mr. de Senneterre to Adolphus.

" My dear Son, although so near
" the point of death, a father who has
" consecrated every moment to your hap-

" pîness, still preserves over you the au-
" thority he has received from God and the
" laws; if gratitude, as well as respect for
" my memory be sacred to you, I order
" you to obey your mother in every thing
" she shall require of you on delivering this
" letter, the laſt trace of your father's
" hand; I command it under pain of my
" malediction. Adolphus, if I have well
" understood your character, you will
" possess inestimable virtues and dange-
" rous passions; I tremble for you; I trem-
" ble for your mother; 'tis on the verge of
" the grave I still endeavour to watch
" over two beings, who still make me re-
" gret life. My son, acquit my debt to
" an adored wife, to whom I am indebted
" for more felicity than humanity has a
" right to expect. I repeat it for the last
" time, for my strength is exhausted;
" obey your mother, under pain of the
" malediction of a father, who has always
" cherished you. Adieu, my Son!"

The next morning I received the following letter.

Adolphus to Madame de Senneterre.

" My father shall be satisfied, Ma-
" dam, and you will long continue to pity
" me. Not wishing to make you a wit-
" ness of my misery, fearing that I should
" not be able to resist, if I again beheld
" her whom I ought to shun, certain that
" I do not possess fortitude to behold her
" sacrificed to an unworthy object, I have
" taken the resolution of quitting the
" castle this very night, forbidding every
" one to give you the leaſt information of
" it. I am going to Paris. I do not re-
" commend Suzette to you, I know your
" goodness. If I durſt make a requeſt, I
" should wish her to remain free; if not,
" may I hope, Madam, that in presenting
" her with this ring, you will order her to
" wear it for ever, as a pledge of your pro-

" tection? It is the only present I wish " to make her, I leave the rest to your " generosity."

This Letter, which proved how much Adolphus suffered for his disobedience, gave me still more uneasiness for his departure. I made my uncle acquainted with the circumstance. He was intrusted with my intire confidence, and this old man, in asserting that my son was mad thus to love a country girl, felt as much as myself for his unhappiness. I thought of postponing Suzette's marriage until the moment when I should be convinced that the health of our fugitive was out of danger. But my uncle made me sensible that the moment was decisive, and that it was necessary either to risk the beholding her married to her lover, or entirely put an end to his hopes. I yielded to this advice. The same night, I wrote to my son; I sent him an unlimited order to draw

upon my agent for any sum he thought necessary for his pleasures. I spoke little of his resolution, and not at all of Suzette. The following morning, I sent a message to this young girl, to attend me, as I wished to speak to her.

" What ails you, Suzette," said I, on beholding her; " you are pale; one would suppose you have been weeping?"—" Yes, milady."—" Still so young, and you have cause for sorrow?"—" Yes, milady"—" Are you not happy in this house?"—" Yes, milady."—" I wish, Suzette, to " complete what I have done for you, in giving you a husband who will make you happy. Should you feel any repugnance to your being married?" added I, observing that she sighed.—" Milady! . . ." " Speak openly to me. Is there in the village any young man who has expressed a friendship for you, and for whom you have an inclination?"—" Oh! dear, no, mi-

lady."—"Then you would have no objection to receiving one of my choice?"—"Milady .... the Count ...."—"Well! the Count, what of him?"—"He ordered me never to marry without his permission."—"Did my son give you "this order?"—"Yes, milady, very often."—"What answer did you make, Suzette?"—"That he was my master, milady."—"And if it was in unison with my son's wishes that I sought an establishment for you, what would you say?" She burst into tears, and her anguish but too well convinced me that the unhappy girl was not insensible to the passion of Adolphus. Her tears rendered her more interesting. I thought I ought to leave off speaking as a mistress, and making her sit down, I consoled her, and tried to reason with her. Suzette only interrupted me by her sighs, or by saying that she had a thousand times repeated to herself what

I was telling her; that she should never forget what she owed her benefactress, and that it was not her fault if the Count had continued to show her such marks of his liberality, that she felt them to the bottom of her soul, though she took care to conceal it from him. I persuaded her, that the care of her reputation, and perhaps even gratitude, imposed on her the obligation of accepting a husband; I again questioned her as to the person most acceptable to her; she answered—" that she should never love one more than another, but that she would receive him whom *Milord's* mother should think fit to offer." I sent her away, almost as equally affected as herself, giving her as a proof of the pleasure her submission afforded me, the ring which my son had deposited in my hands. I was not inwardly very well pleased with this act of condescension; but the nobleness of this girl, the recollection of my son, who had only required

this as a reward for the sacrifice of which his anguish made me feel the extent, these got the better of my reflections. The desires of a soul torn by a violent passion, become sacred to feeling hearts, even when reason condemns them.

When one wishes to marry a young girl, it is enough to express that desire, and one may be assured that all the females of the house will think it an honor to contribute something towards it. It was my own maid who first spoke to me of a man named Chenu, who rented a small portion of land, at three leagues from my house, and who added to his trade by the traffic of cattle, the profit of which procured him a pretty easy income. He knew Suzette, and had frequently said that he would willingly marry her, because she could read and write, which would be very useful to him in his business, being compelled to rely wholly on his memory, which often

made his accounts faulty. I ordered my housekeeper to see this man, to acquaint him with my wish, and desire him to wait upon me, if his intentions were not altered.

Chenu did not delay his visit. He appeared to be thirty years of age, and his appearance had nothing in it particularly handsome or repugnant. He came before me with an assurance which gave me a good idea of his character; but I wished to put him to the proof.

"In what can I oblige you, Mr. Chenu?" said I to him as he bowed to me; "speak without constraint."—"I have been informed, milady, that you was desirous of seeing Miss Suzette settled, and if my proposals met your approbation, I came to ask you the preference."—"You love Suzette, then?"—"To speak

the truth, she does not displease me, and every one praises her gentleness of temper."—"I am told, Mr. Chenu, that you are well off in your circumstances, and Suzette has nothing."—"I hope the good will of your Ladyship will not be wanting."—"What you call my good will, Mr. Chenu, belongs to the unfortunate, and Suzette will cease to be such if she espouses you. I will take care of her trousseau, 'tis all I can do."—"I was not told of that; but if it is your Ladyship's last word, why, I must do as well as I can; for, in short, if I should marry another possessed of money, I should not find, as in Miss Suzette, the advantage of a woman that can write, and this is all I want. Nevertheless, a small sum would not have been amiss; it would have enabled me to extend my traffic, in which money may be got; but there should be an advance."

" Well, tell me candidly, Mr. Chenu, what sum did you imagine I should give Suzette as a dowry?"—" Oh! Milady, that I cannot tell,"—" And why not, if I wish to know? My desire is to procure the happiness of this girl, who is in every respect deserving of it, and if your demand did not go beyond my abilities, I should be glad to do something for her and yourself; for you will make her happy, will you not, Mr. Chenu?"—" Indeed, Milady, that is no difficult matter. In the first place, I am travelling half my time; there are no fairs for thirty miles round that I do not attend. When I return home, quite fatigued, and Suzette has written out my accounts, I shall be more in want of rest myself than of disturbing that of others. They say I am ambitious; but I have always observed that a man who is always well employed, never makes a quarrelsome husband; Suzette, who possesses a good understanding, will

take care of the farm; though its produce is not very great, yet there is enough to look after. When the fairs are good, I intend never to return home, without bringing something for Suzette. She is handsome, and I know that women are fond of dress; besides, your Ladyship's kindness has accustomed her to it, and it is very natural. Only let my bargains prove advantageous, she shall have no cause to complain, nor myself either."—"I am satisfied with your intentions, Mr. Chenu; but let us return to the first point. How much did you think Suzette would bring you as a dowry?"—"Why, Milady, since your Ladyship absolutely will know, I thought, that independent of her trousseau, which I leave to your generosity, I had calculated that six hundred livres ready money would place me in a fair way of making some good purchases. Beginnings are always attended with difficulty; a little ready money, and a little

credit, and every thing goes on well."—"Come then, Mr. Chenu, since six hundred livres appear to you necessary, and as you would have married Suzette without that sum, I am glad that I have it my power to reward your disinterestedness."—"Your Ladyship is very good."—"I shall speak to Suzette; call again to-morrow, and if she accepts you, as I do not doubt but she will, you may, from this day, reckon on a dowry of twelve hundred livres." Doubtless, I could have done more for Suzette; but, firm to my principle of never taking from their situation in life those who would risk their happiness by the change, I had still another motive. My son's love for this interesting girl had made some stir in the caſtle; it would have been exposing his reputation not to have restrained my generosity. Besides, it was my intention ever to continue my good-will towards her, and I was in hopes of one day pro-

curing a considerable farm for her husband: a hope which subsequent events have annihilated, and which have enabled me to find benefactors in those whom I regarded as being under my protection.

I did not doubt Suzette's resignation, but it was my wish that it should give her as little pain as possible; I informed her of the arrangements I had made; I embellished her future destiny with all my eloquence, to soothe her present uneasiness. "Your ladyship is too good," was her only answer. "I shall do all I can to be happy, and if I am not, I shall at least have the consolation of remembering that you have thought me worthy of being so." Till her marriage took place, not a day passed without my seeing her; the steward of my estate presided at the contract, and I stood as her mother at the ceremony.

In our conversations, Suzette had acquired sufficient fortitude to ask me sometimes, whether I had received news from my son; I did not doubt but that she had learnt the cause of his hasty departure, and that the conviction of being always loved, in some measure, consoled her for the sacrifice she made for the general tranquillity. Adolphus did not write to me, but I gained indirect information of his conduct. I knew that he seldom went into society, that he often went out alone, almost always on horseback, and that his settled melancholy gave his friends some uneasiness, without, however, giving them any disquietude as to his health. This was all I could have desired.

Freed from all my cares with respect to Suzette, I was on the point of returning to Paris with my uncle, who could no more than myself, live separated from my son, when I received the following letter:

Adolphus to Madame de Senneterre.

" In flying you, Madam, that I might
" better obey you, I had expressed my
" wish that Suzette might remain unmar-
" ried; you have thought proper to act
" otherwise: I have just learnt from a
" faithful person, whom I left at the castle,
" the fatal marriage, which, in bereaving
" me of every hope, has rendered me un-
" able to support any longer my wretched
" situation. I dare not accuse you; I
" only lament my luckless destiny. Su-
" zette also has obeyed you; she has only
" followed my example. May she never
" repent it! I know, Madam, that you
" intend returning to Paris; if it is on my
" account alone, you may spare yourself
" the trouble of an useless journey.
" What I owe to my name has hindered
" me from being happy; I shall accom-
" plish the sacrifice. I shall set off this

" very night, guided by despair. O! " that I could place the whole world be- " tween me and my recollections, between " misery and love! Oh! my mother, I " I am so unhappy, that I believe I shall " render you a service by banishing from " your eyes the sight of a son consumed " with grief. If heaven should listen to " your prayers, it will restore me to you, " worthy to appreciate what you have " thought was necessary for my happiness, " what my heart bleeds for, without dar- " ing to complain. If heaven heard my " prayers .... Ah, my mother, continue " to pity your son."

This letter threw me into a state of total annihilation; I perused it twenty times, without being able to persuade myself of the truth it contained. My son a fugitive, my son going far from me, a prey to the darkest despair; what a dreadful blow for a mother, who believed that she

had nothing but gratitude to expect! Nevertheless, before heaven I declare it, my first thoughts were to accuse myself of too much severity; and if the past had been in my power, if my Adolphus had been present, prejudices, ambition, even my principles, all would have given way to my desire of having him near myself. Imprudent youth! how dearly you make us purchase those pleasures of which nature has sown the first seeds in our hearts! and what empire have you not over us, since we often prefer doubting our senses, to the cruel pang of believing you ungrateful.

Thus this young inconsiderate, consulting but his passion, had despised nobility, when it became an obstacle to the accomplishments of his desires; but he took it for his guide, the moment it favoured his designs; in both circumstances it was to love only that the sacrifice was

made. My uncle was quite thunderstruck with this terrible news, and alarmed at the effects it might produce upon me, but incapable of contenting himself with vague consolations, he restored tranquillity to my mind, by proposing to set off as soon as I should receive a letter from my son. If he could not prevail upon him to return, it was his intention not to leave him, but to become his guide, and to lay hold of this opportunity to make him travel, which was all he wanted to complete his education. This project, worthy the paternal friendship of this good old man, was the last proof of his attachment. He died when on the point of putting it into execution.

I therefore remained abandoned to myself, in the midst of a revolution of which I shall only speak as far as it relates to myself. I received some letters from Adolphus, which always put off a return,

which he continually led me to expect. By the last, he announced his intention of going to Saint Domingo, in order to see his uncle and afterwards to return, never more to quit me; but ere he could perform his promise, I had the grief to see the laws raise an eternal barrier betwixt my son and me. Alas! this was but a prelude to that chain of misfortunes which were going to overwhelm me with astonishing rapidity.

I soon learned the disasters which befel the inhabitants of Saint Domingo, and whilst I had to lament the loss of my fortune, I had also to tremble for the safety of my son, and that of a brother to whom I was attached by so many endearing ties. The news which arrived from that island announced nothing but calamities, and every succeeding account was but a confirmation of the numberless evils which desolated that unhappy colony. I im-

plored the compassion of heaven in behalf of my family; every interval between the arrival of the packets, was to me an age of sufferings. At last, I received a letter from my son; it was dated from Philadelphia, and ran as follows:

Adolphus to Madame de Senneterre.

" Madam, never did I wish to be " with you so much as I do now, when I " might receive your consolations, when " I might strengthen your mind with my " courage. Too much do I feel in these " dreadful moments the fatal effects of " my rash passion, since I find myself far " from my mother. Have the courage to " live for a son, who now exists but for " you, who would not think his life too " great a sacrifice, could he but mingle " his tears with yours. What a recital " have I to make! Almighty God! Shall " I be able to retrace such an account?

" My hand trembles; my heart is op-
" pressed.....

" You have, doubtless, heard of the
" events which have taken place at St.
" Domingo; but, perhaps, you are still
" unacquainted with what relates to our
" unhappy family as well as our estates.
" It was out of my power to land in those
" parts, where civil war adds to its wonted
" fury an activity equally as burning as
" the climate itself. It was at Philadel-
" phia I learnt that my uncle and his wife
" ..... they perished in the midst of
" tortures, the recollection of which
" makes even imagination shudder. No,
" never, never shall I have the courage to
" recal these dreadful massacres.....
" May you for ever remain a stranger to
" the horrid story!

" Nobody doubts here but that the ma-
" chiavelism of a government, whose

" pride was humbled by the prosperity of
" St. Domingo, had been long since pre-
" paring its devastation. They have but
" too well succeeded, and while all parties
" are accusing each other, the ruin of that
" colony, lately so flourishing, accuses all
" parties.

" We must not deceive ourselves, my
" dear mother; our habitations are totally
" destroyed, the manufactures burnt, the
" result of a hundred years' labour, pros-
" perity and economy entirely annihilated.
" The wretchedness of the colonists who
" have taken refuge in Philadelphia would
" affect even their most inveterate ene-
" mies; and they are the more to be pi-
" tied, as their passage from opulence to
" misery has been the effect of one single
" moment. Dearest mother, at least, you
" shall not experience this last stroke of
" misfortune; the whole of my father's
" property is your own; you have a right

" to the possession, since you have in a
" manner bought it; but it is also yours
" by a far more sacred title, since it is
" your son's inheritance. O mother!
" may you long enjoy it! May we soon
" be reunited, weep over our common
" misfortunes, and together forget the
" miseries and passions attendant on hu-
" man existence! ...."

The unfortunate Adolphus was far from suspecting the misfortunes which were soon to overwhelm his mother. I saw my effects put under seal; I learnt they had also put it in our hotel at Paris, and on every thing else that belonged to my husband; it was with difficulty I could obtain some of my own necessaries, and leave to keep an apartment in the castle which I then inhabited.

Deprived of my fortune, stripped of all my splendor, it was then I felt what

humanity really was, which I had till that moment considered only as embellished with every charm. Those who approached me, merely for the purpose of pleasing or flattering me, no longer constrained themselves, as soon as they had nothing to expect from me, and the insulting pity of some was more revolting than the ingratitude of others. The peasants whom I had loaded with my kindness, were now calculating what they should be able to get out of the wreck of my fortune; they cut down the woods, they divided among themselves the lands which for ages had belonged to the family of Mr. de Senneterre, and endeavoured to persuade themselves that they were only sharing what was common to all.

I can now forgive them; but at that period, their ingratitude added to my torment, and I determined to return to Paris, that I might avoid a sight I felt myself unable to

support. It was not without some degree of sorrow that I parted with my servants, who, for the most part, were sincerely attached to me, but the state of my affairs, required that sacrifice, which indeed I had delayed but too long. I only took with me Augustine, my femme-de-chambre, and but for the accomodations which her husband offered me in his own house at Paris, I should have been forced to hire a ready-furnished lodging.

Since the disasters of St. Domingo, my relations had, for the sake of economy, taken refuge in distant provinces; part of Mr. de Senneterre's family had emigrated, and the rest were gone to their respective estates. Only one of his first cousins still remained at Paris; but he had totally neglected me, since my husband's will, by which he was excluded from the guardianship of my son. He had taken a part in the revolution, which, at first, gained

much popularity—but at last, it brought him to the scaffold. Nevertheless, I will do him justice; he was ambitious; but he never was a traitor to that party whose cause he had espoused. Be that as it may, I could not, in my situation, keep any intercourse with him; to some small remains of splendor, without independence, I preferred an obscure retreat, where I might freely indulge the recollection of my son, as well as my grief.

But I was soon bereft of this retreat. I neither could, nor indeed attempted to, escape the decree which ordered the imprisonment of the friends of emigrated persons. If I still existed, it was merely through a religious resignation, and since I was deprived of the comforts of hearing from Adolphus, and had continually to tremble for the fate that threatened him, I could even have thanked my tormentors for putting an end to my wretched life.

In those dreadful moments, when not even a ray of hope was left, it required more courage to live, than to resign one's self to death.

I passed thirteen months in prison, and particularly the last six, without any other assistance than what the fear of seeing us starve drew from our jailors; exposed to all kinds of humiliation; forgetting our own miseries at the recital of those of our fellow-prisoners; not daring to yield to the impulse which prompted us to love each other, that we might not experience the grief of an eternal separation, and yet experiencing it, without having enjoyed the delights of friendship; sometimes accusing the tardiness of death, and then involuntarily shuddering at the idea of destruction; receiving from without no other news than a journal full of a long list of the victims who had fallen the preceeding day, and among whom we sought, with as much

terror as avidity, the names of our relatives, of our friends, and those unfortunate persons, whom but the day before, we had been pressing in our arms..... No, the soul cannot support the recollection of such a situation. Yet, I will say it, I will repeat it to the last hour of my life, because the truth ought to be known; in those very prisons, in which we were heaped up, as it were, like beasts destined for slaughter, where we experienced a harsher treatment than the vilest criminals, had our tyrants dared to inhabit them with us, they, even themselves, would have wondered how easy we found the exercise of all the virtues; they would have shrunk back before that fatality which impelled them to murder so many of their countrymen, most of whom were an ornament to their age, and whose example, in society, would pe rhap have secured it against a depravation, which the wisest laws will find it very difficult to put a stop to.

At length, the maſſacres ceased, and the prisons were opened. Thanks to the activity of my femme-de-chambre, of the good Augustine, who was then my only friend, I was released in my turn. She herself brought me the order, which afforded me a momentary pleasure, only to affect me more deeply with the extent of my wretchedness. I had nothing left, nothing but a few jewels with which I was determined never to part but with my life. They were the miniatures of my husband and Adolphus. I could not think of remaining a burthen to this respectable woman, whom the circumstances of the times had compelled to seek another situation. Though she used every endeavour to conceal from me the magnitude of her sacrifices, yet my heart could not mistake them, and my gratitude did not diminish the torment I felt of living upon what ſhe voluntarily deprived herself of. I knew every thing that a woman can know, except to

live by the labour of my hands; besides, my health was so much impaired by grief, that a continual occupation would have been altogether impossible.

One resource was still left to me, which was—to go to service. The first time this idea entered my mind, I could almost have shed tears of blood. Pride, which is often a preservative against vice, which ought to be properly regulated, but never annihilated, revolted within me, and with a violence scarcely possible to be conceived. I, that was born to an immense fortune, surrounded by slaves in my youth, by dependants at all times; I, that had now nothing left but a name, rendered respectable by heroic actions which history will attest to the latest posterity . . . . . go to service! O my God! you once more came to my assistance, and pride humbled itself before the precepts of your morality.

By dint of reflection, this idea came by degrees more familiar to my mind, and I at last found myself so far reconciled to it, that I mentioned it to Augustine, without discovering a reluctance rather conquered than destroyed. She wanted to oppose my resolution, but I was inflexible, and I entreated her to use all her endeavours to procure me a situation such as I wished, that is, one in which I might be entrusted with the education of some young persons, which indeed was the only employment I was really fit for. She was to recommend me under a feigned name, and as an unfortunate person, who had lost every thing by the revolution.

Some few weeks after this, Augustine came, with a swelling heart, and eyes moistened with tears, and told me that she had obeyed my orders; at the same time she presented me with a letter to a very rich young lady, who wished to have as a

companion a well-informed person, of respectable morals, and whom she promised to treat with the kindest regard. I took the letter, and felt myself unable to thank Augustine otherwise than by pressing her hand. I shall beg leave to dwell upon this remarkable period of my life.

I held the letter which was to serve me as a recommendation, my eyes were fixed upon the direction, and yet I could not see it. Lost in the multiplicity of ideas which succeeded each other, even thought itself had forsaken my mind. Had a thunderbolt fallen at my feet, I believe I should have remained unmoved. By degrees, however, my ideas got a little clearer, and I asked to myself: What shall I say? I could not find an answer to this question. At last, I examined the name of the person, whom I was going to serve; it was Depréval, and I kept reflecting mechanically upon that name, as if I had

been able to draw any information from it, relative to the fate that awaited me and which filled me with terror. Harrassed by the impossibility of stopping at any settled idea, I went to bed, but not to sleep. A lady who is the next morning to be presented at court, is not more busily employed about her toilette than I was about mine. I was afraid I should inspire compassion, but still more so that I should not be able to take away from that air of dignity, which nature and the habit of commanding had spread over my whole person. Above all, I feared I could not bear with resignation to see myself exposed to those questions which it was natural I should expect. In short, it was daylight, and I had not fixed upon any resolution. I could have wished to have put off the fatal moment, though, at the same time, I apprehended that by so doing I should miss the opportunity of ceasing to be a burthen on poor Augustine. Those who

have not from their birth enjoyed riches and splendor, will find it difficult to conceive how very painful it is to undergo humiliation. A single day is sufficient to make us pay dearly for those pleasures, which, howeuer, can afford no real happiness, as habit has made them faſtidiously monotonous. We never know their value but when they are lost.

At ten o'clock I was ready, yet I still wavered in my resolution. The thought of arriving too soon, of being compelled to wait in the hall, of finding myself, as a beginning, the companion perhaps of one of my formen domestics; the idea still more dreadful of being sent away after having undergone an insolent interrogatory, all these crowded upon me, and involuntarily harrassed my imagination. At length, I summoned all my courage, and coming hastily down stairs, behold me in the streets, running rather than walking, and trembling

lest any one should read in my countenance the inward workings of my soul. I was dressed in black, and durst not look at any body, although a thick veil hid me from observation. I arrived at the house of my destined mistress, and enquired for her, fearful lest she should have gone out; they told me she was at home, and I was almost sorry to find it so. I went up stairs and addressed myself to the first servant I met, begging that I might speak to his mistress; he desired me to wait, whilst he would go and call one of his lady's maids; I sat down and endeavoured to resign myself to patience. Half an hour elapsed, during which time, a crowd of persons going and coming, all for the master of the house, deprived me of every faculty, except the fear of being known by some of them. A woman came, asked me who I was, and what I wanted with her mistress.—"I want to speak to her."—"From whom?"—"From myself."—

"What is your name?"—"I can only tell your mistress."—"My mistress did not come home till late last night; she has not rung her bell yet."—"I shall wait," was my answer.

At that instant, the bell rang, and in a few minutes, I was told that I might come in. I followed my introductress, through a long suite of rooms, whose furniture, elegance and richness astonished *me*, who had enjoyed every thing that was formerly admired. We entered a bed-chamber, where the window curtains still undrawn afforded but a partial light; milady was still in bed. I presented her my letter with a trembling hand; she desired me to sit down, apologized for dressing herself before me, adding that she rather chose to admit me than to leave me in a room continually crowded with people. I felt myself encouraged by such proof of affability, but still I durst not raise my

eyes. All I could observe, while her femme-de-chambre helped her to put on a morning gown, ornamented with lace, was that she had a most fine shape and that she was full of natural graces. At length, her toilette being finished, she ordered her femme-de-chambre to open the windows and leave us. While she broke the seal of the letter and perused it, I cast my eyes on the ground and threw back my veil. At that moment I heard a piercing shriek; the lady fell at my feet and exclaimed: "Madam de Senneterre! O heavens! Madam de Senneterre!" I looked at her—it was Suzette! ! !

She had fainted away at the sight of me; I carried her upon her bed; I rang the bell, the servants came in and gave her all possible assistance. Alas! I was almost as much in want of it as herself, for I had dropped upon a chair, totally unable either to speak or to move. Her

husband, the persons who were with him, and every body in the house, now came into the room and stood waiting with the strongest marks of uneasiness for the return of her senses. She soon opened her eyes and sought for me; I was concealed by the crowd; she enquired for me and I approached her bed.

"O Madam! my benefactress!" she cried. I put my hand upon her mouth and entreated that she would keep the secret to herself.

"Impossible, impossible, Madam! How can I conceal my joy? Why should I be ashamed of showing my gratitude? Why should you be humbled by your misfortunes? you, whose life has been one continued act of virtue and beneficence? Sir," said she, addressing her husband, "you do not recollect her then?

she is so very much altered! do you not recollect Madam de Senneterre?"

Her husband came up to me, with as much embarrassment as eagerness, and addressed me a compliment, which showed, what every day's observation may so easily prove, that, in women, sensibility and taste supply the want of education, while the man who has had the misfortune of not receiving any, is never so aukwardly placed as in a situation which exposes him to public observation.

Suzette desired that we might be left alone, told her husband, in a sweet caressing tone of voice, that she should not dine out that day, begged he would make an apology and say that she was not well, and as soon as he left us, she loaded me with caresses, and that with such kindness, though at the same time, with such marks of respect, that she soon inspired my

soul with the emotions that agitated her own.

"You shall stay with me, will you not Madam? You shall have an apartment here, and be attended as if you were my mother. Ah! have you not been so to me? You shall command every thing in the house, and I myself will not intrude into your presence, except with your permission. What is become of Augustine? Has she also forsaken you?"

"No, madam," said I, with some degree of embarrassment.—"Madam!" interrupted she, apparently hurt at the word. "Ah! if I am not Suzette to you, then I shall no longer be so to any body else. See, see the ring which you desired me never to take off; there it is, always on my finger; it reminded me . . . ." she stopped and colored. "Madam," added she, while the tears stood trembling in

her eyes, " call me Suzette, *that* will eaſe my poor heart."

" Well then, Suzette, my child," said I, embracing her, " Augustine has not forsaken me, but she is not happy. The fruits of her economy, which at first she had placed to some advantage, have been returned to her in paper. Forced to look for another situation, *she* would have continued to maintain me out of her savings, but it was *I* refused to be a burthen upon her."

—" You must take her again, Madam; she and I are the only persons that can show you those attentions to which you are entitled. Ah! had I but known your misfortunes! but two kinds of fear have withheld my enquiries, the one that I should humble my benefactress by my opulence, and the other that you should

suspect that your son . . . he also is much to be pitied, Madam."

This reflection of Suzette's drew tears from my eyes; then she thought she ought no longer to conceal her own. When we had a little recovered, I resumed the conversation.

"My dear friend," said I, "in taking care of your education, I have discharged what I considered a duty; what I have done since was only a debt which I owed to the generosity of your conduct. I feel as I ought this mark of your gratitude, and I should be ashamed of myself, were I to express the least repugnance to accept of it; but, my dear Suzette, you must set bounds to its effects. I am reconciled to my fate, and am more in want of peace and tranquillity than of the outward show of opulence. Besides, you must consider that you are married, and that, however considerable your fortune, yet it belongs

less to you than to your husband. Let us leave Augustine....."

—"I beg your pardon, Madam, for interrupting you; but you are not acquainted either with my situation, or my feelings. Mr. Chenu, or Depréval, as you may please to call him, has no other will but my own, and wishes nothing so much as to make me happy. Since my marriage, the first moment of happiness I have experienced has been that in which I have seen the possibility of being useful to my benefactress. The more I shall do for you, the more I shall perceive that my attentions are agreeable to you, the nearer I shall approach that state of felicity which I am permitted to hope I may enjoy. Let my husband but see joy spread upon my countenance, and he will approve every thing I shall do, and indeed Augustine's being in the house would make no difference to him, were I not firmly

resolved to introduce her to his notice in such a manner as to make him reward her for her conduct towards you. But, not to speak of the inestimable pleasure I feel in repairing, as much as lies in my power, the injustice of your fate, when you know my story, you will agree, madam, that gratitude will always remain on my side, and beneficence on yours. We shall have time enough to speak of myself; it is you, you alone are now to employ my attention."

As soon as she saw me settled in the apartment which was destined for me, she wrote to Augustine; that very evening I had her with me. Suzette's activity seemed in a manner to add to her existence, that she might anticipate my wishes, and it was not in my power to oppose any thing she did for me, without giving her pain. But, the next day, I saw her but for a moment; the day after, it was the

same. Although I had found each of those days my toilette loaded with more articles of dress than was wanted, in my situation, to repair what time and misfortune had deprived me of, yet I was dissatisfied with her conduct and humbled by her gifts. I did not know how to reconcile what I had witnessed of her sensibility with this extraordinary neglect. Suzette, brought up by me, Suzette, such as I had seen her, when chance first conducted me to her asylum, was a friend to whom I might owe every thing without blushing; but Madam Deprêval, given to dissipation, had neither the right nor the power to make me accept of any thing. I trembled lest opulence should have corrupted her heart, and if so, finding myself without employment and without consideration, it became impossible for me to remain in her house, and to associate my name with that of a woman young, beautiful, rich and entirely a slave to pleasure: poverty is more

easy to be borne than shame. Nevertheless, it was not without much difficulty that I could bring myself to judge her thus severely, and I waited with impatience for the moment when I should be able to come to an explanation, preserving what I owed to my principles, as well as what my servile position and Madam Depréval's independence required.

On the third day, she sent to ask for leave to come and breakfast with me. On entering the apartment, she loaded me with the most tender caresses. "I know not," said she, "what you have thought of me, but I had some engagements, which it would have been impossible for me to break without disobliging my husband, and I wanted to be entirely free, that I might open my heart to you. I am not happy; I am fond of a solitary life, and I am forced to mingle in society; I love simplicity, and I am sur-

rounded by pomp and prodigality. Hear me, Madam, before you condemn me. Suzette has need of your advice, and how will you be able to guide her, unless you are entirely acquainted with her situation? The history of my life is, in a manner, but the picture of the manners of the times: I am much afraid it will prove uninteresting to you."

The candor of this address restored the good opinion I had first conceived of Suzette, and I assured her that I was disposed to listen to her with indulgence, and that finding myself cast into a world which in fact appeared quite new, I should be obliged to her if she would not omit a single circumstance. We sat nearer each other and she began as follows:

"It would be in vain to conceal it from you, nay, even from myself; I loved your son, and to that degree, that could

the sacrifice of my life have saved him one moment's uneasiness, I would have accomplished it without a single sigh. Thanks to the care you took of my education, and to the example you gave to your family, virtue was as dear to me as my love; I could suffer, but not fail in my duty. You have seen me resigned to my fate, I was so after my marriage, and although I found it impossible wholly to forget my feelings, at least, I kept them buried in my heart.

" Mr. Chenu felt no love for me; I believe he will always remain a stranger to that passion; but he respected me as a being that was by far superior to him. The order in which I kept his affairs, the advice which I had it in my power to give, while I was writing his accounts, made him look upon me with a sort of veneration. There is not a man without some passion or other; his was that of acquir-

ing wealth, and every thing prospered with him since his marriage. For this very reason, he did not find any thing extraordinary in what another person would have blamed in my condition. I spent all my leisure time in reading, and whenever Mr. Chenu pressed me to mention what I could wish him to bring me from such or such town, whither his business called him, I always asked him for books. As he never opened one in his life, and his fortune was considerably encreasing, he imbibed the idea that the more I devoted myself to study, the better qualified I was for managing his affairs. I kept him in an error which made him so eager to comply with my wishes. From my infancy, I have ever felt an uncommon thirst for knowledge, and to your son I am indebted for the first books that were ever put into my hands. I can assert even now, that there was not one among them that you would have forbidden me to read: they

were novels, it is true, but wherein good sense and good morals were respected.

" The more Mr. Chenu's business became extensive, the more I was necessary to him. He gave up the farm which we then rented, and purchased, just by the suburbs of the nearest town, a house, considerable by the extent of its buildings, and which nevertheless, was hardly sufficient to contain the cattle, which he momentarily placed there and which came in a succession wonderfully rapid. He could not conceive how it was possible for me to keep so exact an account of his operations, that he never found the smalllest error in them. I was revered by him as the instrument of his fortune, and, for the first time, *insisted* that I should be dressed and attended as a lady; those were his expressions. In short, what shall I say? he made subscriptions, entered into contracts with government, got into some

of the trading companies, took clerks in his house, and always was careful to make them work with me, as he himself had been used to do. His wealth encreased so, that he hardly knew the extent of it: always plain, always laborious, he knew not how to spend and did not think it was possible to add to his happiness. Ah! had he but always thought so!

"Some new speculations brought him to Paris; there pleasure held her reign. He insisted upon my accompanying him, being in hopes that the journey would prove agreeable to me, and as he was convinced he never could undertake any thing advantageous unless I were with him to be consulted. We put up at a furnished hotel, where we took a plain, though commodious apartment. The next morning, Mr. Chenu informed me that we were to go and dine with one of his partners, and for the first time, mentioned the necessity of

dressing in the greatest style. He was continually speaking of his partner's house, his servants, his carriages, then again spoke about my toilette, and above all recommended me to spare nothing that could make it grand and fashionable.

"Accustomed to comply with all his wishes, and having not the least idea of Paris and the society to which I was going to be introduced, I put on the best things I had, and particularly thought I should add the finishing stroke to my dress by loading myself with all the gold trinkets and jewels which Mr. Chenu had brought me at sundry times. It might be truly said that he bought them by the weight. We set off at four o'clock; it was the beginning of winter. We had not gone far when our coach got entangled with another and broke down; fortunately we received no hurt; but I was so frightened that we were obliged to go into a shop, the mistress

of which was good enough to give me every assistance which my situation required and to send for another coach. Mr. Chenu was more concerned about my dress than my health, and mentioned it so very often, that the woman thought she should oblige him by repairing any injury it might have received from the fall, an attention which indeed gave him so much satisfaction, that he promised she should have his custom, as soon as he should have a house fitted up. The coach at last came to the door, we went in, and at a quarter past five, we arrived at the Chausée d'Antin, where my husband's partner lived.

" The gates being thrown open, our coach proceeded along an avenue of lofty trees lighted by too magnificent lamps supported by statues of brass. We stopped in a court superbly illuminated by other lamps placed at equal distances, and

where I was struck by the sight of eight or ten magnificent coaches, with horses richly and elegantly caparisoned and which made the pavement resound under their feet. I know not what sort of sensation I experienced at that moment; but, on alighting from the coach, my knees trembled so, that I could hardly support myself. We entered a hall decorated with marble pillars, and after crossing several apartments which the disordered state of my ideas prevented me from observing, we came to a door which was shut. A servant pushing it open, cried out: "*Mr. and Mrs. Chenu,*" and without knowing how, I found myself in the midst of a numerous circle, where peals of laughter and salutations at once welcomed my entrance.

"Every body kept standing; the blood flew up to my face, and more than once I thought I was ready to faint. At length,

the lady of the house, endeavouring to assume a serious countenance, advanced, embraced me, and made me sit by her. Notwithstanding the air of ridicule which the contorsions of her features showed it was not in her power to conquer, I could have embraced her in my turn, for having relieved me from a situation, in which I believe I should have remained till now, had it not been for her assistance.

"I was no sooner seated than all the young people began to turn about my chair, and the words "Charming! admirable! excellent!" were the only ones that interrupted the silence or the bursts of laughter which alternately succeeded each other. The monied men, among whom was Mr. Chenu, had retired into a corner of the drawing-room, where, no doubt, they were conversing about business. Eight women, myself included, formed a circle round the fire. I durst not look

at them, but it was in vain I turned my eyes, I could see in all the numerous peer-glasses that every look was pointed at me, and could not help observing all the wry faces and wrinking glances which passed between those ladies and the young petits-maîtres. I felt too well myself that I was ridiculous, not to be humbled by the pains they took to make me feel it. Indeed, when I compared my dress, on which Mr. Chenu had lavished such great encomiums, the jewels with which I was loaded, the heavy bonnet in which my face lay almost buried, and which I had carefully brought from the country, when I compared all these with the light and richly embroidered dresses of the other ladies, the diamonds which alone covered their necks otherwise entirely bare, and adorned their arms uncovered to the shoulders, their hair so artfully arranged, the color of which appeared to me rather extraordinary, for they were all dark with

light eyebrows, or light with dark eyebrows, I certainly did not think them handsome, but a secret instinct told me that one of these ladies would have appeared as ridiculous in the country-town which I inhabited, as I now did in this elegant circle, and the remark had been sufficient to set me on the rack. I will appeal to the heart of every woman to say what I must have suffered; but this was not all.

"'I suppose, Ma'am, you are going to the concert of Feydeau Theatre, this evening?' lisped a lady, whom I now ventured to look in the face, and whose round plump neck, thick red arms, Grecian dress and high colored figure, involuntarily reminded me of the picture of a bacchant which was much admired in the gallery of Senneterre Castle.

"I was at a loss what answer to make to this question; I had not as yet opened

my mouth, and I was afraid of making some silly blunder or other, for I did not know what they meant by the concert of Feydeau Theatre; indeed, from the bottom of my heart, I would have given all I was possessed of to be alone at my own lodgings, or at my house in the country; but this was not the question; an answer must be given, and I remained silent.

" 'No doubt, the lady will accompany us,' answered the mistress of the house; " to be sure, she must know all that is most delightful in Paris.'

—" 'If Mr. Chenu desires me to go, Madam, I shall find a pleasure in obeying his orders.'

" For five minutes, the name of Mr. Chenu was buzzed in my ears by the young men that surrounded me. At

length, one of them came up close to me.

" 'Madam,' said he, " Mr. Chenu has nothing to do in this business. If you will give us leave, we shall all make it our duty to teach you the customs of Paris. There is enough in you to make a pretty woman, and upon my word, it would be a most horrid thing if Mr. Chenu was to preserve the least empire over your wishes. Mr. Chenu was born to get money, and you to spend it; Mr. Chenu is come to Paris for business, and you for pleasure, and while Mr. Chenu shall work, make his calculations and do every thing that Mr. Chenu ought to do, we shall be at your commands. You shall come to Feydeau Theatre, and I take upon myself to be your protector. 'Pon my honor, you will make some noise there.'

" ' How!' exclaimed all the rest at once, ' the lady will produce a new era in the Feydeau annals.'

" ' Is your bonnet from Madam Leroy or Miss Despeaux?' added one of those old petits-maîtres, who are more impudent than the young ones, without those graces or that giddy thoughtlessness which make it excuseable. I was hurt, and my anger fell upon him.

" ' As from your question, Sir,' said I, ' I may, without offence, believe you have very little to do, I desire you will enquire whether my bonnet was bought of Madam Leroy or Miss Despeaux: for my part, I have not yet had time to think about it. I hope you will not deny this piece of service to a young country woman, in whom these gentlemen have just declared there is enough to make a pretty woman.'

"'Charming! excellent! sharp and witty, 'pon honor!'—'Charming!' echoed again all the étourdis that surrounded me.

"'Madam,' said the bacchant who had first addressed me, and who now endeavoured to repress her anger, 'that gentleman had no intention of asking an injurious question.'

—"'Nor I, Madam, of returning an improper answer; but it is fit that those who discover the most curiosity, should seek for information, and that gentleman certainly discovers more than I do.'

"She cast a look of disdain upon my dress, and turning to a glass, arranged or disarranged the black ringlets which fell upon her forehead. But the blow was struck, all the giddy part of the company were on my side, and the women, from

that instant, looked upon me with more jealousy than disdain. In all cases, we are as much flattered by the former sentiment as we are humbled by the latter.

" 'Mr. Chenu, Mr. Chenu,' cried the young man who had offered to accompany me to the concert, 'leave off your business now and please to come this way. Do you know that you have a treasure of a wife? She has the wit of an angel; we meant to have a little joke, and upon my honor, we have had the worst of it. Really 'tis an excellent beginning. I love women that have a little spirit, and from this moment, Mr. Chenu, I beg you will look upon me as your best friend.'

" 'Sir, you do me honor,' replied my husband; 'tis true my wife has more wit in her little finger than I have in my whole body; and yet I am very well.'

" I was upon the rack, for the bacchant again enjoyed her triumph, and the old rake took his revenge upon my husband.

" ' How! very well,' said he; ' why, I suppose you don't weigh less than ten or eleven stone'—' Oh! no,' answered Mr. Chenu, with the greatest simplicity.

" ' Well!' added a youth of about eighteen, beautiful as Love himself, ' suppose Mr. Chenu weighs only nine stone, and that there is an ounce of wit in his whole body, by calculating what the lady's little finger is to the gentleman's whole body, one might exactly . . . .'

" He was interrupted by a tall thin lady, whose nose, chin and elbows were remarkably pointed; she approached him, and giving him a gentle tap on the cheek, with a hand which was instantly kissed,

chided him for making such a bad use of the education she had bestowed upon him. Thinking that I had found a favourable opportunity of turning the conversation, I eagerly enquired whether the gentleman was her son. This question, which I thought so very natural, excited a great laugh: I must, however, except the tall thin lady who did not laugh at all. Fortunately the servant came to announce that dinner was on the table.

" 'I must apologize for my behaviour to you,' wispered the lady of the house, as she led me to the dining-room; 'but I am ready to do every thing in my power to make you amends for what I have done, and to gain your friendship, for I am very much pleased with you.' Her candor gave me so much satisfaction, that I felt my spirits perfectly recovered. She made me sit between her and the young calculator of Mr. Chenu's understanding.

This youth had for me the greatest attentions, and smiled as he looked at me, every time that the tall thin lady addressed him. I could very well perceive that she wanted him to have no regard for any one except herself, and I also remarked that he took a malicious pleasure in being wholly taken up with me: I must confess that I enjoyed the agonies of this woman, who, together with the bacchant, had been most indecently forward in the mortifications I had undergone.

"During the first course, they did not speak, they devoured. On seeing those ladies eat meat by handfuls (it is impossible for me to make use of any other expression) I could not help thinking that the fashion of gowns which do not tighten the shape, accorded very well with the appetites of the women of the day. I communicated this reflection to my young neighbour; it excited his good humour;

he answered by some smart sallies, and we both laughed so heartily, that all the ladies, particularly the one I had mistaken for his mother, desired to know the subject of our conversation; but this he refused to comply with, and thereby encreased their curiosity: however, the conversation soon becoming general, I resumed my observations; indeed, I must say that these fine ladies, with whom I had at first been dazzled, began to look very contemptible. Not a sentence in which they did not offend four or five times against grammar; an assemblage of trivial sayings and far-fetched expressions, almost always applied in the wrong sense; and what put the last finish to the picture was, that all these ladies knew enough to laugh at one another, while the young men generally laughed at them all. As to the husbands, it seemed a thing agreed on that they might express themselves as they thought proper. As they lay no

kind of pretensions but to their skill in getting money, their good nature and excellent wine placed them out of the reach of criticism.

"I amused myself in my turn at the expence of those who had ridiculed me; and in this I was wonderfully seconded by my young neighbour, as well as by the lady of the house; she was not deficient either in understanding or knowledge of the world; I must also add that she was the only one that was young and handsome.

"When we had been sitting about an hour, the concert of the Feydeau Theatre was again mentioned. The old beau asked Mr. Chenu whether he would give me leave to go; Mr. Chenu answered that any thing that could give me pleasure would always be agreeable to him, upon which all the young men unani-

mously declared that he was the best of husbands. This he took as if meant in earnest, and was going to enter into my panegyric, when I interrupted him to say that it was my intention to return home. I did not choose either to expose myself thus publicly, or to afford a complete triumph to those ladies, in whose eyes I could already read the pleasure they promised themselves in exhibiting me as a spectacle. The lady of the house offered to get somebody to accompany me, which I accepted, and Mr. Chenu joined the rest of the party, to go to the concert.

"When at home, I stood some time considering my toilette, and I could almost have cried at the recollection of the scene to which I had been exposed. For the first time in my life, my pride was hurt, indeed severely hurt, and my vexation was the more painful as I could not but see the futility of it, though I was

weak enough to indulge it. I threw into the fire the bonnet which I had so carefully brought from the country, and determined to beg of Mr. Chenu to set off the very next day, or if any obstacles occurred, to remain confined in my apartment. When I became more calm, I reflected upon the women who had thus humbled me; I dressed them in imagination such as I had appeared before them; I dressed myself in idea as I had seen them, and convinced that the advantage they had had over me was entirely owing to the cut and make of their cloaths, I asked myself with some satisfaction, why I also should not yield to the empire of fashion, and the desire so natural at my age of displaying the charms which I had received from nature. In short, Madam, all that can seduce a woman, young and unexperienced, I found united to excite my vanity.

" Mr. Chenu, who ought to have been my guide, returned from the concert, more confirmed than ever in the new projects with which his partner's splendid way of life had inspired him. He spoke of nothing but of a magnificent house, servants, horses, and would listen to no kind of expostulation on the subject.

" ' I am richer than all those people,' was he continually saying, ' and why should not I enjoy my wealth as well as they? Do you think I did not perceive that they were making game of you and me? But I will have my turn; you alone shall have as many diamonds, laces, jewels, as all the women I have seen to-day. Madam Darson (this was the name of his partner's wife) will come and see you to-morrow morning; she is very fond of you, she told me, and I desire you will follow her advice, if you do not wish to disoblige me.' In the disposition of

mind I was in, nothing was more easy for me than to obey Mr. Chenu.

" The next morning, he rose very early, hired the finest apartment of the hotel, as well as the coach house and stables, and pressed me to take possession of our new habitation, that Madam Darson might not find me in a room, the simplicity of which filled him with shame: he then went out in order to purchase a carriage as well as horses, and said he should not come home till late in the evening.

" According to her promise, Madam Darson called upon me. ' I have asked your friendship,' said she, embracing me, ' and I will try to deserve it. First of all, I will confess that I am doubly guilty in my behaviour towards you; for, I ought to have come and invited you myself, and likewise to have discountenanced the indecent scene which

took place at our house. But, indeed, my dear, it was impossible for me to do otherwise; you were really charming:' and again she burst a-laughing.

" 'Now' continued she, 'how shall we proceed? First, I have brought you a femme-de-chambre; she is really a treasure, and you will be very well pleased with her. She is waiting in my carriage; come, we must go and make purchases. You need not take any money,' said she, 'I told Mr. Chenu that I would be his banker, and besides, we shall scarcely want any, except for a few little things that we may chance to have a fancy for. We are going to the tradesmen I usually deal with, and they'll send in their bills.'

" 'When we were in the carriage, she added: 'Do you know that you are going to fix your residence in Paris? It was all finally settled yesterday between Mr. Che-

nu and Mr. Darson. I do not like your name, it is too vulgar; it would make every body laugh, if when you come out of the theatre, your servants were to call for Madam Chenu's carriage. I know you have an estate called Depréval, we must add that name to yours, and call you by that only; your husband may sign both, but only in business.'

"We stopped at the Palais Egalité, where we bought a great number of things: afterwards, we went to Leroy's and Miss Despeaux,' who had been mentioned the preceeding night; for above four hours we went from shop to shop, and everywhere we bought something or other. I cannot say that I was much pleased within myself with what I was in a manner compelled to do, but I had neither the courage, nor perhaps the wish to oppose it. Madam Darson came back with me and spent the whole day at my lodgings. My

femme-de-chambre had been to all the people that were to work for me; they had called successively to receive proper instructions; in short, it was ten o'clock at night and we had not even once changed the object of our conversation."

Here Suzette paused, and after looking at me with some uneasiness, she went on: "What do you think of me, Madam? But I have promised you a sincere confession, and I should blush at any feeling that might prompt me to conceal my faults from you, more than at the want of experience which occasioned their commission." —"Did any other person," I answered, "relate all these circumstances, I would refuse to listen to them; but when Suzette is accusing herself, I hope I have every reason to think the illusion is over, and reason has resumed its empire." She kissed my hand and continued:

"While I was thus employing my time in a manner so new to me, Mr. Chenu, or Depréval, did not lose his. When he came back, he told me with a kind of transport that I should have the next day a carriage, a coachman and two servants. 'This will be enough,' said he, 'as long as we stay in a furnished hotel, but I hope this will not last many days. I have been told of a very charming house which is already partly furnished; we will both go and look at it. It belongs to a man who has consulted his vanity more than his purse, and I dare say it will be a good bargain.'

"This reflection applied so precisely to Mr. Chenu himself that I again mentioned to him the fears with which our new way of life inspired me: but he desired me not to make myself uneasy, saying, I did not know the resources he would find in the affairs in which he was engaged,

and as he *got* a great deal, he would *spend* a great deal. In short, the house was bought, and you may well judge, Madam, what it must have cost, and what an immense expence we have been at, in order to furnish it in such a somptuous style. But, before it was entirely fitted up for our reception, I was to be exposed to all the inconveniencies of a fashionable life, without hardly enjoying any of its pleasures.

"Mr. Chenu was now almost mad; vanity had taken possession of his mind, and as this passion is not so totally exclusive but that it may very well agree with the love of money, it was really the only one I had to dread for him. But, as to me, if I was more modest in some respects, I will say that I was by no means so in whatever related to my toilette. I had every thing that one woman could wish to humble another, and I waited with impatience for the moment when I should show

myself with some éclat. A new concert was announced; Madam Darson who always delighted in mischief, so that she bore a part in it, had made me promise not to go any where till that day, because she had invited the same company to dine at her house, and she expected much pleasure from the revenge I should take, and which she would take care to improve. I confess I did not feel less pleasure in the expectation.

" That day came at last. I shall not tell you, Madam, what sensations I experienced, on seeing myself dressed with as much taste as richness. I indeed paid a sincere tribute to the empire of fashion. Mr. Chenu was quite in raptures as he looked at me; he was saying a hundred times in a quarter of an hour that I was the handsomest woman he had ever beheld, and I could have suspected him to be in love with me, if those expressions had not

convinced me that he looked upon me in the same light as he did the articles of furniture destined to show his opulence.

" The first time I had been to dine at Madam Darson's I had come late through accident; this time I did not come sooner, but I had designedly calculated my time. The same company was assembled; the lady of the house had renewed the subject of Madam Chenu's ridiculous appearance, without saying she expected her, under the name of Madam Depréval, and they were all laughing at my expence when I was announced.

" Every one instantly got up, and low bows and curtsies were made to Madam Depréval, who answered them with a slight inclination of the head. The men vied who should first hand me a chair; they looked; they admired; the conversation began and I bore a part in it with suffici-

ent vivacity to add to their astonishment. All the women thought they made a mistake as they recollected my features; they kept a most mournful silence, and but for the figure of Mr. Chenu, who being placed behind my seat, discovered in all his gestures the joy he experienced, I believe they would have preferred looking upon me as a personage entirely new, to the shame of seeing in me the same woman they had humbled, and who was now taking so complete a revenge; for, the greatest for a woman is to get at last the victory over those who had before treated her with disdain.

" Madam Darson, who could not possibly stop, now that the field was open, gave them to understand, that by my provincial airs, I had deceived them all at our first interview; and, as from their own confession, I had not been deficient in understanding, and especially as I had been

laughing with the lady of the house and the young man who sat by me at dinner, those ladies were inclined to think that I only meant to amuse myself. But what confirmed them in this belief was, Mr. Chenu's continually asking: 'Well, ladies, what do you say now? Is not my wife a very handsome woman? Answer me then, ladies, do not you think she is the finest woman in the world?' The more unwilling those ladies seemed to return an answer, the more obstinate Mr. Chenu was in appealing to their judgment, and as they could not imagine that he was earnest in asking questions, of which any other would have felt the impropriety, they remained convinced that he only meant to revenge himself for the manner in which they had behaved towards me.

"In this disposition of mind, we sat down to dinner; I might have thought myself the goddess of the house, for every

marked attention, every delicate preference was shown me, and they all vied with each other who should have the honor to help me, who should be happy enough to fix my attention. The more these ladies seemed displeased, the more advantage I gained over them. The profusion of wines, which one might be tempted to believe fashionable, from the use made of them by our sex, restored however their gaiety, or at least, the faculty of speech, and the conversation was general till the moment of our departure.

"The young men, who had been pestering me with their insipid nonsense, were all eager to accompany me; not one of them but would have thought himself supremely happy in showing himself with me at the theatre. He that thought himself best entitled to the preference was the young man I have already mentioned, and whose name was Alphonso; but the tall

thin lady had imperiously taken possession of him. I gave my thanks to all the others and went myself to offer my hand to the old beau, who had so much ridiculed me before. Ashamed of himself, he had not been near me the whole day, and had he dared, I believe he would at this moment have refused my offer.

" We arrived at the concert. All the boxes, except those which had been taken for our party, were entirely full. A grand sonata which was then playing, excited the general attention and commanded the greatest tranquillity. Judge then my astonishment, when I saw those ladies take a pleasure in letting the benches fall with a most horrid noise: the people in the pit cried out silence, and every eye was directed towards our box. For my part, I knew not where to hide myself; but these ladies burst into peals of laughter, affecting to lean forward and look every

where, as if to discover the cause of the disturbance, although highly flattered with the idea of its being attributed to none but themselves. At last the noise subsided, and now certain that I should no longer be remarked, I ventured to consider a sight so entirely new to me.

" I was dazzled. Wax tapers, skilfully placed at equal distances, gave a wonderful éclat to the women, whose dresses, at once whimsical and elegant, did not offer any two perfectly alike, although some kind of similarity was observable in them all. By the conversations which passed in the boxes, by the care which every lady took to place herself in the most advantageous position, I quickly perceived that the desire of being seen made the only merit of the concert, and that the chief part of the spectacle was rather in the boxes than on the stage. I had my share of the public curiosity.

" Between the acts, every body got up; the men sallied out of the boxes, in order to take their rambles in the lobbies, and the eagerness with which they went to pay their respects to women whom they hardly knew was the more welcome, as those ladies found a plausible motive for turning themselves and displaying to the public the graces of their persons or the richness of their dresses. For my part, I sat quietly in my place, thinking myself happy when I was not noticed by anybody. I silently indulged the various sensations which agitated me, without being able to define any one; in a word, I was wearied by astonishment.

" ' Do you like the entertainment?' asked young Alphonso, taking his seat behind me.—' Very little,' said I.

" ' Oh! well,' returned he, ' I have had the good luck to get away from my

grandmama, while she was receiving the adorations which it is impossible to deny her, for she exacts them, and I am coming to keep you company. Will you converse with me?'—'And what shall we say?'—'That I adore, you, Madam, and that your husband is not the only person that believes you are the handsomest woman in the world: for my part, I feel it will henceforth be impossible for me to live without you.' I could not help being hurt at this light way of speaking, to which I had never been used, and to which I never shall be.

"'Were you not a child,' answered I coldly, 'your language might offend me; I forgive you on account of your age, and beg you will put an end to such conversation.'

"'Well, but do you know now that you are talking quite ridiculous? However,

if you forgive me on account of my age, I forgive you on account of your inexperience; so now we are even; but always friends, I hope, are we not Madam?'

"He did not wait for my answer; indeed I had none to give. He got up without going out of the box, and casting his eyes round the whole row, I believe there was not a lady but had a bow from him.

"'You see,' said he, again resuming his seat, and looking at me with an arch smile, 'that my age serves me as an excuse with many pretty women. What would they not forgive to a child like me? Nay, ask my grandmama.'

"His impertinence had made me rather grave, but this last sentence excited my laughter the more easily, as during his numerous salutations, I had remarked

that his grandmama followed him with looks of uneasiness, and that she made as many wry faces as he made bows.

" ' You are fond of laughing,' said he immediately ; ' well, let us forget for a moment the passion with which you have inspired me, and let us amuse ourselves at the expence of the public ; for, besides, you have need of some instruction. A concert is like an exhibition of pictures; if you are not in possession of the catalogue as well as the criticism upon them, you see nothing but figures.' Without waiting for my approbation, he went on.

" ' That sprightly lady, who sits in the box opposite to ours, is descended from one of the most ancient families in France. She has had the misfortune of being a twelvemonth in prison, and the inexpressible grief of losing her father, mother and husband. Every one thought she would

die with sorrow, but philosophy has come to her assistance, and she is now to be seen every where, at balls, public walks, and theatres. They say she is going to be married again; but this would be murder, for she is the very charm of society.'

" ' Next to her sits a lady who possesses a good understanding, but is most intolerably proud. She is the widow of a man of high rank, who perished like many others. She is fond of intrigue, and therefore is always observed to follow the reigning party. She goes to all public places, not to show herself, but to meet every body. A fool, if he has but a place in the administration, is always a good acquaintance for her, and her desire of exhibiting her importance, produces sometimes a very extraordinary assemblage at her house. She compels to dine by the side of each other persons who, at any other place, would be ready to murder one another,

and without attempting to reconcile them, she seems as if she made them live together in amity.'

" ' Do you see in that box on our right hand those two women, so somptuously dressed, and surrounded by so many admirers? They were married to two rich citizens, who enjoyed and deserved the public esteem; but they have just taken the benefit of the law of divorce, in order to give themselves entirely up to pleasure. The one has two children; and the other had but just lain in of her first. Born without fortune, their beauty had procured them very good establishments. At present, nobody knows how they live; for, were their portion reimbursed them, it would hardly keep them one day; and yet they have an excellent house, equipages, &c. they are very good company of their sort.'

" What! thought I, fetching a sigh, those then are the women who attract the general notice, and to whom they are going to assimilate me!

" He would have proceeded, but as he advanced his head, that he might the better show me a person, he was perceived by a lady in the box next to mine; she beckoned to him and he immediately left me.

" ' Who is that lady you are talking to, Alphonso?' said she, loud enough to be heard by me, even though I had not listened.

" ' With one newly imported from the country,' answered he in the same tone, ' whose husband has also enriched himself by the revolution: those people spring up, as it were from the ground. She is pretty enough and is not deficient in un-

derstanding. She had brought from her village a gothic toilette and no less gothic principles; the one she has already left off, and notwithstanding her show of prudery, I would lay my life that she will not be long in getting rid of the others. I will tell you her story, and a most laughable one it is.'

" I was ready to sink with shame, and felt myself more humbled by an elegance which exposed me to such remarks, than I had been by the simplicity which had laid me open to their ridicule. I had then nothing to reproach myself with.

" ' Pretty!' said the lady, leaning forward in order to consider me, (I durst not lift up my eyes) ' she appears to me beautiful, and to have a pretty decent appearance. Is she alone here?'

—" ' No, indeed, she has a numerous society. There, look at that fat piece,

who must needs be seen, though she ought to hide herself, (it was the bacchant) they are come together. I could lay any thing that they never will love each other; the one is too handsome, and the other too ugly.'

"—'Do you know the name of that fat woman?'—'Oh! yes, perfectly well, I have the honor of being admitted into her society.'—'Indeed! well, I wish you joy.'

"—'Why, those are the only people that have got a house, and we must take our choice, either to visit them, or be tired to death. Her name is Dutilo: for a long while she was but a seamstress and her husband a barber. The dear man has so well worked the assignats, goods, houses and lands, that after having bought and sold half the country, he has kept part for himself: he is a cunning rogue.'

"—' And that young lady who sits by her, you know her also, I suppose?'

"—' Who is it that does not know Madam Darson? Inconstant in love, perfidious in friendship, false, with the appearance of the greatest frankness, leading her husband as if he were a fool, she ridicules all the women that are ugly, and ruins the reputation of those whose beauty she fears will do injury to her own. She is sprightly and witty like a little devil.'

"What a new subject for reflection was not this conversation for me!

"A man singularly habited made his appearance upon the stage: while he was advancing, with one hand in his pocket, and holding his cravat with the other, every one hastened to resume his seat. The silence which immediately took place made me believe, either that he was pos-

sessed of uncommon talents, or that the bon ton required that he should be paid attention to. During the voluntary which preceeded the song he was going to give, I heard the lady in the box next to mine say to a person whom I could not see:

" ' That young Alphonso is entirely ruined. Who could have thought that the son of so respectable a family could thus associate with the worst company, merely to indulge his passion for pleasure? Look at that old woman by whom he is now sitting, and who seems to be chiding him, she is an old femme-de chambre of his mother's, whose husband has had contracts for the hospitals, and for the armies; and the diamonds which you see have been bought with the produce of the deficiencies upon the soldiers' shirts or the drugs necessary for the alleviation of the unfortunate. That old woman will needs inspire passions which cost

her very dear. She is now ruining herself for the son of her former mistress.'

"I leave you to judge," added Suzette, "how much I blushed to find myself in such a society, and what was my astonishment at having such a picture of the manner of the times before me. The desire of making a figure in the world, with which the humiliation attending my first entrance into it had inspired me, vanished before the dangers that surrounded me. I wished it had been in my power to avoid every eye, and when I left the concert, every eye was fixed upon me. I could hardly support my existence. As soon as I came home, I felt my heart overwhelmed by sadness; I told Mr. Chenu the reasons that made me wish to live in a more simple way, but he did not even understand what I meant. He was continually busy about the embellishments of his house and assuring me that, as soon as we should be

settled, he would bring in so much company, that I should soon get rid of my melancholy.

" Thus am I condemned to a splendor, which is so much envied, and which makes my torment: I am compelled to visit, receive and welcome a society which is not at all suited to my disposition. The more I appear melancholy, the more Mr. Chenu runs into expences, convinced as he is that there is nothing better in the world than wealth, and that splendor is an equivalent for happiness.

" At the head of a house, where it is impossible for me to put any order, robbed unmercifully by my servants, tormented by my husband, who, at one time will throw away his money, and at another, when his vanity is not interested, returns to that first love of gain which hardly ever forsakes those who have begun like

him, I experience, through an effect quite opposite, the same grief that you do. In this situation it is that my former love of study has presented itself, like a necessary consolation: I wished to find some unfortunate person, who could serve me as a guide, become my friend, contribute to my tranquillity and furnish me with an opportunity of drying up her tears. Chance, or rather heaven has sent me my benefactress and now it is that I feel the value of riches. Yes, Madam, you shall teach me how to enjoy them; from you I shall learn how to conduct myself in a situation so new to me; and your example shall be the best and most profitable lesson. Could you but forget that I owe you every thing I possess, you would soon be convinced that, in point of expence, Mr. Chenu will have ample amends made him by the order which, by your instructions, shall be found in a house, the management of which is indeed beyond my

ment of which is indeed beyond my strength."

Thus did Madam Depréval lay her heart open before me; I pitied her, but I gave her a greater share of my esteem. I often exhorted her not to disoblige her husband, whose greatest happiness was to take her along with him and to make engagements for her in every society, without waiting for her consent. She would not even show that it was merely out of complaisance that she accompanied him, and never suffered herself to be entreated, but when she wanted him to do some act of kindness, which he would not otherwise have done. There was a place for Augustine's husband which it seemed difficult to obtain, she consented to go to a fête, with the occasion of which she was much displeased, and the next day, Augustine's husband got into the place; by which I felt greatly obliged, as it was out of my

power to reward those good people for the favors they had done me.

At last then I enjoyed some kind of tranquillity, the only happiness I could possibly aspire to in my situation. Far from my son, I could not speak of him with any body but Suzette, and there were too many reasons that compelled me to avoid making him the subject of our conversation. How often, without speaking a word, had we the certainty that both our minds were equally employed about the same object? We had so far accustomed ourselves to be silent and to understand one another, that when Suzette saw me shed tears, she would immediately say: "You will see him again, Madam: I am sure you will." When I saw her melancholy, I could not offer her the same consolation.

That interesting woman soon became so dear to me, that I could, without hesita-

tion, have preferred my poverty, Suzette and my son, to opulence without her, or without him: my heart no longer made any difference between them. What nobleness of mind! What resignation to her fate! With what sweetness of disposition would she indulge every wish of her husband, whose every taste was in contradiction with her own! In proportion as her understanding unfolded itself, she reassumed the love of simplicity, which in men only belongs to great characters, and in women to delicacy of sentiments. Compelled frequently to receive company, or to appear at entertainments, with what pleasure would she come back and share my solitude! a tête-a-tête dinner with me was a kind of enjoyment she thought preferable to every other. She had insisted on my being always served in my apartment, and there it was that she delighted to sit; there we read together; and there she received the lessons of the different

talents with which she soon became so familiarly acquainted. To instruct Suzette was indeed but to unfold the seeds of all the virtues which nature had sown in her mind.

A whole year elapsed without any remarkable event; I was continually in hopes of hearing from my Adolphus; alas! this was all I was permitted to hope, if he was still alive.

One night, Suzette entered my bedchamber: she was just come home from a ball, and the porter had given her the following letter, the contents of which she immediately came to communicate to me, well assured that I should not be angry at her disturbing my repose.

" Madam, I am just arrived from Eng-
" land, where I have taken every possible
" information respecting Mr. de Senne-

" terre. Although he lives in London, " yet I have not been able to see him; he " was out of town, but I was told that " he was well. If you will give me leave " to wait on you to-morrow morning, I " shall feel extremely happy in giving " you a more circumstantial account."

Suzette's joy bordered on delirium; mine was beyond the strength of my soul. " He lives," was she continually saying. " At least is he happy?" cried I. This reflection brought tears into our eyes, and we spent the greatest part of the night in endeavouring, but in vain, to guess what we were to learn the next day, and hastening with our wishes the hour of the promised visit.

" Who is it that wrote this letter to you?" I asked Suzette; " you had not mentioned it to me before."

—"I feared, Madam, lest you should share my uneasiness. I knew that your son had left Philadelphia: Mr. Chenu, as well as I, had been taking informations, and we agreed not to mention them to you, as they were so very unsatisfactory. About a month ago, I was at a house, where somebody was speaking about a voyage which he was obliged to make to London: knowing that all foreigners are registered, I begged he would use his endeavours to discover Mr. de Senneterre, and if possible to speak to him, which he promised to do most faithfully. He asked me from whom he should say that he came to make enquiries. "Is it from you, Madam?" he added. This question brought on an involuntary blush. "No, Sir," said I; "you will speak to him in the name of the tenderest of mothers." He observed to me that perhaps it might be better to give him a letter; but I made him sensible how cruel it would be for

that unfortunate mother to indulge a fresh hope, of which nothing could warrant the certainty: I then represented to him your love for that only son in such glowing colors, that he promised to omit nothing that could contribute to give you satisfaction. He will be here to-morrow morning," added she: "will you receive him and make yourself known, or shall I receive him alone?"—"We will both receive him, my good friend, and if you will give orders that he should be sent up to my apartment, we shall be more at liberty."

She embraced me, with an exhortation to recover the sleep I had lost; I also wished her a good rest, but on seeing each other the next morning, we neither of us asked how we had passed the night,

The traveller, who had announced his visit, was punctual. After the usual compliments, he said to me:

"I am sorry, Madam, my affairs did not permit me to wait for Mr. de Senneterre's return; I should have felt the greatest satisfaction in being able to bring to his mother the consolations of which she stands so much in need. I dined at Mr. Burton's, a merchant of London, in whose house your son lives. The praises which I heard bestowed upon him are above any expressions I could make use of. Be comforted, Madam; he has found friends in his misfortunes."

—"At least, Sir, will he know that your enquiries were owing to his mother?"

—"When I named you, Madam, I could easily perceive that you were not a stranger to Mr. Burton's family. Excellent mo-

ther!' said that gentleman; 'excellent son! nothing can soften the grief he feels at being separated from her. He is continually speaking about her, and cannot forgive himself for having left her. Indeed,' added Mr. Burton, 'I cannot conceive what were his motives for so doing; that young man has too much sense not to know the extent of his duty, and it certainly was a duty not to forsake his mother."

At this moment I looked at Suzette; she was pale and trembling, as if Mr. Burton's reproaches had been directly addressed to her. I took her hand and answered that my son's age was his first excuse, and that the discoveries which I had had opportunities of making since his departure, had made me lament that I had contributed to it myself. I still held Su-

zette's hand—she pressed mine with the expression of the liveliest gratitude.

" How sorry I am," said she, " that I consulted so much my prudence! Had I not apprehended the effects of your sensibility, Madam, that gentleman might have had a letter from you, and your son would not have been deprived of the greatest happiness."

" As I had not the honor of knowing Madam de Senneterre," answered the traveller, " I left Madam Depréval's address at Mr. Burton's, with assurances that the letters your son might send would faithfully be given to you. Mr. Burton, on his part, gave me the address of his correspondent at Hamburgh; here it is, Madam, and therefore all will be well again. I must however say that Mr. Burton seemed rather surprised at your having received no letters from Mr. de Senneterre,

as he assured me he had laid hold of every possible opportunity of writing to you."

"Alas!" cried I, "who could have discovered the place of my abode? the unfortunate are so soon forgotten! Poor Adolphus! what can he have thought of my silence? But, Sir, is this all you know about my son? Your note gave us the hope that he was well."

—"I was told so, myself, Madam; but they added that a secret grief preyed upon his constitution; he has now-and-then some fits of melancholy, which nothing is able to remove. A Frenchman whom I met in London, and who is acquainted with Mr. de Senneterre, seemed to suspect that he lamented his separation from another person besides his mother. I know not how far the assertion is true, and I should rather be inclined to doubt it, as the merchant to whom I was ad-

dressed on the business I went upon, assured me that one of Mr. Burton's daughters, who is very beautiful, had felt an inclination for your son, and that Mr. Burton himself, who is thought to be very rich, would be glad to see such a marriage."

At this moment, Suzette's face became deeply colored. It was easy to see that this unexpected circumstance threw her into a confusion which she vainly endeavoured to conceal; and therefore she hastened to assure our visitor that such a marriage would give the highest satisfaction to Mr. de Senneterre's friends, if it could but procure him a happiness. . . . She found it impossible to proceed.

"Perhaps there is nothing in it," continued the traveller; "but I thought it my duty to tell you what I had heard. In fact, Madam, if your son was in love be-

fore he left France, and if his passion is still at this moment augmenting the grief he feels at being separated from his mother and from his country, I should hardly believe that he has any thoughts of marrying. Hope never forsakes a man, especially when his heart is strongly affected."

"Hope!" cried Suzette: "there are situations in which it is impossible to conceive any. I know not whether his is such," added she, frightened at her exclamation, "but it were to be wished that he would marry Miss Burton. You say, Sir, that she is beautiful?"

—"I do not mean to pay her a compliment, but I might say that she is very much like you." Suzette smothered a rising sigh. "However," added he, "she does not possess that shade of sensibility which is spread over your features, and

the severity of her countenance takes much from its pleasantness. She is merely beautiful."

Suzette got up; I followed her example; I pitied her situation. We returned our best thanks to the person who had so obligingly seconded Madam Depréval's intentions, and we both retired to our respective apartments.

The more we multiply our affections, the more we encrease our pleasures and our sorrows. I ought to have been happy at the certainty that my son was esteemed and beloved in a house which had become his asylum; I ought to have enjoyed beforehand the pleasure of receiving a letter from him, and of having it soon in my power to send him a mother's blessing; yet even my joy became painful to me, through the efforts I was obliged to make in order to conceal part of it. Every day furnished

me with a fresh opportunity of seeing what passed in Madam Depréval's heart; there I discovered an unhappy passion, which it was not in my power to sanction, and which her virtue compelled her to conceal. It would have been the height of cruelty in me to bring the conversation continually upon so painful a subject, if she dreaded it, and no less imprudent to mention it, if she had any wish that I should. She was more melancholy than usual, and, fearful of enquiring into the cause, I durst no longer speak: she also avoided me, and we were both truly deserving of pity. This situation could not last, but I knew not how any change could be effected. Full of these reflections, I was one morning shedding tears over my cruel fate, when Suzette entered my apartment. Every thing in her person announced that some great project agitated her mind; there was in every gesture, in the expression of her countenance, some-

thing at once melancholy and sublime. She took her seat opposite to me, then taking my hands and fixing her eyes upon mine, she said:

"Do you think of writing to your son?"—"I can think of nothing else but him, Suzette."—"To write to him is then sufficient for you."—"What more can I hope?"—"Ah! Madam, what may not one hope, when free? and you have the happiness of being so."—"What do you mean, my good Suzette?"—"That you must set off, Madam."—"Set off?"—"Yes, you must," repeated she, with a courage which hardly betrayed her emotion. "Every thing has been foreseen, every thing is ready, all, except your consent. Your son is pining far from his mother, and your sadness betrays the tortures of your mind. I have procured a passport for you; Augustine's husband shall accompany you, and you may send him back,

when you think you have no further occasion for him, or keep him, should any events, which it is impossible to foresee, induce you to return. His orders, and he shall obey them, are to consult your own will, and to be regulated by it. Do not make yourself uneasy about any thing that might detain you here; I repeat it again, we have foreseen every thing. O my benefactress! I dare not explain myself any farther, but Suzette's fortune is but the produce of her dowry, and the whole of it belongs to you."

To see again my Adolphus, to press him to my bosom, Almighty God! was so much happiness reserved for me? Such was my first thought, but reflection soon came to disturb it. "Cruel friend," said I to Madam Depréval, "ought you to have tempted the heart of a mother? Shall I then abandon you? Can I do it without being ungrateful? Are you not

also my daughter? To be with my son and Suzette is not in my power, and yet I strongly feel that it would be impossible for me to live with the one, without regretting the other. I suffer in Paris, I should suffer in London. Mention no longer that voyage, for I should die, either from the excess of my joy, or from the excess of my despair. My son! Suzette! grief and comfort of my life! O my God, my God!" cried I, as I fell on my knees, "have mercy upon me!"

I remained in this attitude, with my hands strongly fixed on my forehead, as if afraid I should not be able to resist the emotions which seemed to dissolve my whole being. Madam Depréval was hastily pacing the room, addressing to herself several incoherent sentences, whose inarticulate sounds were now and then striking my ears; I could only distinguish the word *courage* several times repeated,

and some deep sighs which penetrated to my very soul. At last, she approached, and taking me up in her arms, in order to place me on my chair, she remained a long while standing before me, in a state of perfect immobility.

"I relied upon Madam de Senneterre's courage," said she, without directly addressing me, "and she is more weak than Suzette. There was a period of my life, in which they required the sacrifice of all my affections; honor and the mother of him I loved traced out my duty; my soul was torn, and my duty was fulfilled. Was it to go to a son, a being dear to my heart, that I was forced to leave those with whom I had passed the happiest years of my infancy? O my God! you alone know what my feelings were at that moment. You weep, Madam; compare your situation with mine. Nothing but happiness is before you, nothing but misery

is before me. Aggrieved in the past, overwhelmed by the present, I have not even one resource in the time to come."

—" What a moment, Suzette, have you been chusing for reproaching me for my cruel conduct towards you?"

—" I reproach you! Ah! Madam, you do not believe it. You have done nothing but what you ought to have done, and my whole life shall convince you that Suzette is very far from accusing her benefactress. But, when I see you hesitating. . . . ."

" Upbraid me then also, cruel child, for my friendship for you," I exclaimed; " upbraid me for finding it impossible to conquer my gratitude. You alone have soothed me in the most grievous misfortune; but for you, perhaps I might have ceased to exist; and when I know you un-

happy, without any other consolations than the caresses and advice of a mother, for I am yours, you would have me forsake you! Ah! Suzette, in the sad situation which you have so cruelly recalled to my mind, duty was on one side, shame or happiness on the other: but in mine, duty, happiness and despair are so intermixed, that my heart is torn by those contending feelings, without being able to fix at any thing. Why did you mention that voyage?"

—"Because it never would have been mentioned by you, and because the glory of restoring you to your son softened my grief at being separated from my benefactress. If I dared to descend into my most secret thoughts, I might perhaps find the reward of my conduct in the certainty of his knowing that it is to me he owes his mother. Was it not I deprived him of her?" added she, throwing her-

self into my arms; "but you will not be angry at Suzette; you said that she was the daughter of your heart. Suzette, the unfortunate Suzette, the daughter of Madam de Senneterre! and I could complain of my fate! Ah! I never felt it so well till this day, it is not fortune, it is friendship, it is virtue does away the difference of birth."

I was holding her to my bosom and we were mingling our tears, when Mr. Depréval entered the apartment.

"I ask your pardon," said he to me, as he regarded us with looks of astonishment: "but I was in search of my wife, to tell her that she cannot possibly be excused from the ball, to which she is engaged to go to-morrow. I had, at first, consented to her staying at home, which was very unpleasant to me; but she has been so melancholy for these several days,

that I am very glad I have found this opportunity of compelling her to take some diversion. Young women should be fond of amusements, should they not, Madam? I don't understand her," added he, seeing that Suzette showed by a motion of her head that she did not like to go; "what does she want? If she wishes to have her diamonds newly set, I have no objection. Would she have new ones? let her buy some. I know very well that my wife ought not to be eclipsed by any body, and, faith, I have remarked that it is she only who is admired, and *that* does me honor. When we have money, should not we show it? There are so many people who have none, that we ought to think ourselves happy in letting every body know that we are not like them. But I am disturbing you; you were both crying so heartily.... That is very droll; I never cried in my life. When I was a boy, however, and on a cold frosty day, I

was going.... but this is such a long time ago! Oh! I think I can guess the cause of your affliction: it is the grand voyage, is it not? You must confess that was an excellent idea of Madam Depréval's. I should never have thought of it, though, with some few precautions, it is the easiest thing in the world. But my wife thinks for both, she has so good a head!"

"And a still better heart, Sir," said I. "You are right to be proud of such a wife; diamonds are her least ornament."

—"They do no harm, Madam; they do no harm; though I agree with you that she is always beautiful. Well! what do you say of that voyage? Are you very glad of it?"

Suzette prevented me from answering. "My dear," said she to her husband, "would you believe that Madam de Sen-

neterre's goodness is such, that the pleasure of going to see her son, balances in her heart the regret she feels at parting with us? I was so much affected by the testimonies of her friendship, that, when you came in, I could only find tears to speak my gratitude."

—" It is very well in her to be attached to us, for we are much attached to her, too. I do not tell her so, myself, because I know you explain those things better than I can; but you will allow that I never opposed any thing you wished to do for her, on the contrary, is it not so?"

Suzette could only answer by embracing her husband.

" Well," said he, passing his hand over his eyes, " I believe you are going to make me cry, too. Oh! those women, how they are.... not all, however. But

that good Madam de Senneterre, who got you to learn to write, who has put so much order in our house, since she has been with us, that, with less expence, we look more like gentlefolks! And then, I shall never forget the dowry. Do you recollect, Madam?" said he to me, laughing. "How much do you want to have, Mr. Chenu? (for I was then only plain Chenu)—Madam .... I was so ashamed! and yet you were not proud.—I will insist upon your telling me.—Why, then, Madam, six hundred livres (that was a great deal then)—Make her happy, Mr. Chenu, and from this moment, you may reckon upon a dowry of twelve hundred livres. I will appeal to you, Madam, is she not very happy? Are you not, my little Suzette? (between ourselves I may call you Suzette) tell me, are you not very happy?"

"Yes, my dear," said she, endeavouring to look smiling.

—" Well then, every thing is settled: Madam de Senneterre shall set off in four days, and you shall come to-morrow to the ball, for I must insist upon your taking some diversion. Now, are you going to refuse me?"

" I cannot tell," answered that interesting woman with the greatest vivacity. " I must make my own conditions. If you will have me to go to the ball, you must promise that we shall accompany Madam de Senneterre as far as Antwerp. I say *we*, because I insist upon your coming with us. That will prevent us both," said she looking at me, " from yielding to a grief, which indeed, is beyond our strength."

—" And you will come to the ball?"—" Yes, my dear."—" In a superb toilette?"—" Yes, my dear."—" You shall buy new diamonds?"—" Yes, my dear."

—"Well then, 'tis all settled," said he, rubbing his hands. "Besides, some of the people employed by our company are behind hand in many things, and I shall lay hold of this opportunity for visiting all those places. By these means, the company will pay in a great measure for the expences of our journey." He left us, the happiest man in the world.

"You have conquered, Suzette," said I, as soon as we were alone.—"We shall speak about that another time," answered she. "Must I not think of my dress for the ball?" and she withdrew to her apartment.

When left to myself, I endeavoured, but in vain, to bring all my thoughts together upon my beloved son, whom I was going to see again: I could think of nothing but Suzette, whose conduct so strongly excited my gratitude and admira-

tion. I could not help reflecting how much her sentiments raised her above titles and fortune, and I was lamenting severely the sacrifice to which she had been compelled by me. I was but too sensible that, even had she not preserved a tender passion for Adolphus, her happiness had not been better secured with Mr. Deprével. The more he tried to make every body forget that he was Chenu, the more he put them in mind of it, as well as himself: on the contrary, his interesting wife seemed to wish to be always Suzette, only to rise more easily above herself. I persuaded myself that she sought to forget every thing that continually reminded her of her first love, and the noble and courageous manner with which she performed that duty, imposed upon me the obligation of concealing from her the grief I felt at our separation, and the joy I anticipated of going to embrace my son.

Unwilling to deprive myself of the pleasure of seeing her as often as possible, during the few days I was to spend in her house, avoiding, with that prudence of which she gave me the first example, every opportunity of being left tête-à-tête, contrary to custom, I was oftener in her apartment than in mine. I was present at that toilette promised to her husband as a reward for his complaisance. What a richness in the ornaments of her dress! but, above all, what a noble elegance in their arrangement! Coquettry, even the most exercised, is limited in its resources: taste, with a young and sensible woman, knows no limits. Madam Depréval was ravishingly beautiful, and any other person might have thought that she was enjoying a pleasure so natural to her age, and especially to her sex. When her women were gone, she presented her hand to me,

"You look at me with a mother's eye," said she; "but could the envy which I am

going to raise read at the bottom of my heart, a complete triumph might be obtained. What a painful effort! the smile upon my lips, and death in my heart! And yet, this is almost always the lot of that opulence, which finds enemies in those who are humbled by the sight of it, without contributing to the happiness of those by whom it is displayed. Ah! if ever I am at liberty to follow my own inclinations, it is in mediocrity I shall seek, not happiness, there is none for me, but tranquillity and self-enjoyment. How many unfortunate beings, who have not deserved their fate, would live upon the price of a splendor with which I am overwhelmed!" The entrance of Mr. Chenu, accompanied by two young men, very seasonably put an end to our conversation.

The moment of my departure arrived. Augustine, in the most tender manner, came to wish me health and happiness;

the certainty of remaining with Madam Depréval softened the grief she felt at parting with me, and the same motive rendered that separation less painful to me. The husband of that excellent creature was galloping before our carriage. Mr. Depréval alone supported the conversation; as for his wife and me, we could only look at each other, conceal our tears, and pour forth our wishes that circumstances might one day permit us to be reunited. At last, I embarked with Augustine's husband.

I shall not attempt to describe my feelings at that moment. There are situations in life which are above every known expression. Happy those who have never experienced the terrible sensations that overwhelm the heart, when a vessel, driven by the wind, is imperiously removing us from our friends, at the moment when our caresses are going still to mingle with theirs.

We fancy we are pressing them for the last time to our heart, and we embrace nothing but vacancy, a frightful image of the future opening before us. Poor Suzette! you alone were then the object of my thoughts; but it seemed to be a determination of fate that you should govern every impression of my soul. I was no sooner placed in the ship than Augustine's husband delivered into my hands a parcel that was sealed; Madam Depréval had ordered him not to give it me until we were separated by the elements. I opened it and saw a box, whose richness might have fixed my attention, had it not been taken up by the portrait of that beloved friend, not such as I had just left her, but in her village dress, a symbol of the purity she had preserved in opulence. I opened this also, and discovered that this present was only a fresh instance of her gratitude: for the box contained several bank-bills, and

these few words, written with her own hand: "*Suzette's Dowry—and heart.*"

I arrived in London, without any accident, and at length, saw my so much wished-for Adolphus. As I pressed him in my arms, I forgot all my misfortunes. How much did he appear altered! What a tint of melancholy time and circumstances had stamped upon his countenance, formerly the living image of gaiety and sweetness! but, on the other hand, how much had his character, so happily disposed by nature and education, acquired consistency and energy! If it be true that the French are the most volatile nation upon earth, it is no less true that they are also the only people whom misfortune cannot reach, without displaying in them qualities, which wrest admiration even from their enemies. At six-and-twenty, my son was a man that would have done honor to any government, and whom any woman but

a mother could not have loved without being proud of her passion. By the testimonies of friendship which I received from Mr. Burton's family, it was easy for me to perceive how much my son was beloved.

When I retired to my apartment, I could not help reflecting upon the danger of conversing with Adolphus about that Suzette, who, during the first emotions of his life, had for ever decided his fate; but I also felt that it would be impossible to speak of myself, without mentioning my friend; I still felt but too strongly the want of expressing my gratitude. Suzette's image was engraven in my heart; her name was continually upon my lips. To be silent, was an effort of which I felt myself wholly incapable. I should have thought myself ungrateful, in concealing the name of my benefactress. Naming her was to accuse myself for my past conduct; but truth was the only way

that accorded with justice and my feelings, and therefore I adopted it.

As I had foreseen it, my son came to me, as soon as I awoke, impelled by the wish, which indeed was so natural, to be acquainted with what related to his mother. I did not conceal from him any of my misfortunes, but I mentioned my benefactress only under the name of Madam Depréval. With what sensibility did he implore the blessings of heaven upon that woman, who had supplied his place with me, while he was grieving in a distant country upon the consequences of so unhappy a passion. " Ah! my mother, if ever I can see Madam Depréval, on my knees I will return her my thanks, for having alleviated the misfortunes into which you were drawn by your son. So much greatness of soul, you say, joined to the most perfect beauty! if that woman is not happy, for whom then has heaven reserved

happiness?"—"We like to fix our ideas," I answered, "upon those we never saw, and whom we frequently hear mentioned. As it would be most unpleasant for me not to have it in my power to speak to you about my friend, look at her portrait, my son, and tell me candidly whether my conversation will not disturb your repose." I presented him my box.

He examined Suzette's portrait, and afterwards turning to me, with looks that made me tremble at the experiment I had been trying, he exclaimed: "Wretch that I am! her image must then pursue me every where! Ah! Madam, why would you thus tear the heart of your son?" added he, after a long silence, during which he had not ceased to consider the portrait: these indeed are the features of the unfortunate woman who separated me from my mother; but what has she to do with the one that restored her to me?"—"Madam

Depréval," said I, " my benefactress, she who caused your separation from me, she who effected our reunion, that woman, in short, who made me experience all that is cruel, and all that is sweet in this world, is .... Suzette! Answer me then, my son; shall I be forbidden to speak about her?"

—" I understand you, dear mother, and I dare make a solemn promise that my love never shall silence your gratitude. Good Suzette! Excellent Suzette! my heart had guessed what was passing in thine, and thy conduct has justified even the errors of mine. We shall speak of her, Madam; often, always; joy cannot harm your son. Suzette, the benefactress of my mother, is no longer a woman to me; she is a deity, whose name I can hear without danger, but not without pleasure. There is a period in the passion of love, at which it is sufficient to itself, and I believe I have

now reached that point. Good Suzette! thou art not so happy as I," added he with a sigh; " thou art separated from my mother, and thou art no longer free."

From that moment, Adolphus spoke no more of his love; but he was every day asking me to repeat some circumstance that had happened, during the time I had been at Madam Depréval's: the most minute details were treasured up in his memory, and he would frequently relate them to me in his turn. Never did our conversations on this subject end, without his repeating: " Poor Suzette! she is not happy; that is all that grieves me."

I now thought of sending back Augustine's husband, whom I had no further occasion for, and whom, besides, I did not wish to keep from his wife and the place which Mr. Depréval had given him. My son rewarded him for his zeal, and I

gave him the following letter to my friend:

Madam de Senneterre to Madam Deprêval.

"I arrived here, my dear daughter, "without any accident. My voyage was "very melancholy; this you will easily "believe, you whose heart is always in "unison with mine. I had for consola- "tion the hope of being reunited with "my son; you, my friend, have, doubt- "less, found an alleviation to the grief "you felt at our separation, in that sen- "sible and generous soul, which raises "you above every thing personal, when- "ever you have duties to fulfil, or bene- "fits to confer. I send back Suzette's "dowry, which I can do without, as you "will agree with me; but, to the last "day of my life I shall keep her heart "and portrait.

" By the pleasure I feel in considering
" it, I enjoy before-hand the sensations my
" daughter will experience on receiving
" mine. It is the same I gave to Mr.
" de Senneterre on the eve of our marri-
" age. If in that eternity, in which he is
" receiving the reward of his virtues, he
" can see the motives of this gift, I hope
" I may be certain that he will applaud
" my action. Time and sorrow have
" taken much from the likeness; but time,
" misfortune or opulence, will not pre-
" vent you from saying, as you consider
" it: ' Always, always my mother;' as I
" shall repeat to the last moment of
" my life, as I fix my looks upon yours:
" ' Always, always Suzette.'

" I have found my son again, and shall
" content myself with saying, that every
" thing that can justify a mother's self-love,
" when she is speaking of her children, is
" united in him. He enjoys a perfect

" health; the joy of seeing me, and of
" knowing the happy situation of my be-
" nefactress, has partly diminished that
" melancholy, which I had been told prey-
" ed upon his spirits, and which had
" struck me very sensibly on the first day
" of my arrival.

" Without approaching that opulence
" in which he was born, and which so
" seldom procures happiness, he is in
" easy circumstances. My brother, who
" suffered so dreadful a death at St. Do-
" mingo, had fifty thousand Crowns placed
" with a merchant at Philadelphia, cor-
" respondent and partner with Mr. Bur-
" ton, at whose house we have fixed our
" residence. It was he addressed my son
" to this respectable family, when he
" wished to return to Europe, in the hope
" of meeting with more frequent oppor-
" tunities of hearing from his mother.
" My son was still under age; and, be-

" sides, this money belonged to myself;
" but happily, the laws of this country,
" with respect to French emigrants, allow
" those who reside in it the use of the
" interest by anticipation, under no other
" condition than that of restoring the
" principal to the first owner, whenever
" he appears, and after promising upon
" oath, not to take the money out of the
" kingdom. Thus, Adolphus was secured
" from want, and the principal, which
" had remained in Mr. Burton's hands,
" has progressively been encreased. You
" see, my dear friend, that heaven has
" heard the prayers I was addressing for
" my son. Ah! no doubt, the Almighty
" also heard his wishes for his mother,
" when He conducted me to you.

" It is probable that Adolphus never
" thought of forming any engagement
" with Miss Anna Burton, who indeed is
" as beautiful as she had been represented

" to us: for, since my arrival, he has been
" continually entreating me to leave
" London, which could offer nothing a-
" greeable for me, and to purchase some
" small estate, where I can pass my days
" in the midst of all my former occupa-
" tions. You have proved to me, Suzette,
" that beneficence is the greatest of all
" virtues, and that a good heart always
" finds motives for never leaving off the
" practice of it. It is certain that a coun-
" try life will please me very much: this
" certainty I derive from the pleasure
" Adolphus promises to himself, by living
" there with me, and we are going to think
" seriously about this plan. Should cir-
" cumstances one day permit, and I hope
" they will, that Madam Depréval
" should come and visit me there, I shall
" then enjoy a happiness which my heart
" shall never cease to wish, till I see it
" completed.

" Adieu, my truly valuable friend; I " beg you will not miss any opportunity " of writing to us. Your mother blesses " and embraces you; and she recommends " to you the exercise of all the virtues, " which you find it so easy to perform.

" P. S. My son wanted to add a few " lines to my letter; but I thought it best " for him to write to your husband: I " here enclose it to you."

Adolphus de Senneterre to Mr. Deprêval.

" Sir, I beg to return you my most sin- " cere thanks for the many favors you have " conferred on my mother: words are " wanting to express my gratitude, but I " feel it shall never end but with my life. " I also beg you will impart my sentiments " to your lady. What Madam de Sen- " neterre has told me of her virtues and of " her sensibility, has recalled to my mind

" the opinion I had conceived from her in-
" fancy; I had guessed all the good qua-
" lities she would one day possess. When
" every thing around us has undergone
" such a change as we have been witnesses
" to, we may think ourselves happy to
" find in our recollections something that
" can remind us of our former ex-
" istence, and nothing can bring it to my
" mind under a point of view more suit-
" able to the state of my heart, than the
" friendship which subsists between Madam
" Depréval and my mother. I have the
" honor to subscribe myself, Sir, &c."

Mr. Burton put so much zeal in his endeavours to oblige us, that five weeks after my arrival in England, I completed the acquisition of an estate, such as I could wish in my situation, and with the sum I had it in my power to dispose of. It was only twenty miles from London; thither we went immediately, my son and I, that we

might be prepared to receive the family of that worthy merchant, who found a pleasure in testifying by this visit his good intention of keeping up the connexion which had been formed between us.

On his arrival, Mr. Burton gave me a letter which he had received since his departure: it was from Suzette. I seized the first opportunity I could find in order to go and read it, anxious to enjoy at the same time the pleasure of being with my new friends, and of conversing a moment with the one I had left in France. Who can paint my feelings on reading the contents?

Madam Deprèval to Madam de Senneterre.

"Madam, How much should I lament "at this moment my being separated from "you, did not the happiness which you "enjoy silence my regrets! Never had

" Suzette more need of your counsels and
" of your consolations. Mr. Depréval is
" no more; a dreadful accident has de-
" prived me of a husband, whom it was my
" duty to love, since he made me happy as
" much as lay in his power. My tears
" are sincere; you will believe it, Madam,
" you who have witnessed his goodness to
" me; you will believe it, when you are ac-
" quainted with the manner of his death.

" We were no sooner returned to Paris,
" than Mr. Depréval, struck with the deep
" melancholy which preyed upon my spi-
" rits, and which all my endeavours could
" not hide from him, thought that a fête,
" of which I was to be the object, might
" be the means of affording me some di-
" version. He had compelled me to go
" to so many balls in the course of the
" winter, that it became indispensible for
" us to have once in our house those by
" whom we had been received. I respect-

" ed his motive, and besides, you know
" that it was my constant practice never to
" oppose his pleasure. The preparations
" for this fête were to him a most delight-
" ful occupation; it was his pride to sur-
" pass every thing he had seen.

" After having taken down and rebuilt a
" hall, in order to decorate it as he wished;
" after having presided over the work, he
" was examining what he had done; he
" was enjoying it. Augustine's husband
" was just arrived and had given me the
" parcel he had received from you. Oh!
" my mother, how many kisses did I im-
" print upon those sacred lines? with what
" ardor did I form the resolution to be al-
" ways deserving a friendship so honourable
" to your unfortunate daughter! Anxious
" to deliver your son's letter to Mr. Depré-
" val, I flew to his closet; they told me he
" was in the hall with some of the work-
" men; thither I ran, and kissing him in

" all the joy of my heart, I presented him
" with the writing destined for him.
" While I was reading it to him, a chan-
" delier, which the men were arranging,
" and under which he stood, fell down.
" Mr. Depréval was thrown on the floor.
" A piece of glass penetrated so deep into
" his head, that he fainted away instantly.
" Bathed in his blood, I ordered him to be
" carried upon his bed; the pain which he
" suffered drew from him piercing cries,
" which went to my very soul. The sur-
" geons, who were immediately sent for,
" durst not give any hopes before the
" operation, and it was during the opera-
" tion, and in the midst of dreadful tor-
" tures, that my husband expired.

" Alone in the world, without relations,
" with much too many acquaintances, and
" not one friend, overwhelmed by this
" sudden and violent death, I was lament-
" ing my fate in my apartment, when Au-

" gustine had the courage to come and
" acquaint me with all the horror of my
" situation. Since the time when we fixed
" our residence at Paris, Mr. Depréval
" had left off his custom of informing me
" of his affairs, his partner having per-
" suaded him that nothing was more ridi-
" culous. Obliged to examine his papers,
" and to get his clerks to show me the
" accounts, I have been soon convinced
" that this pompous display of opulence
" had no solid foundation. A quick cir-
" culation of money made all those great
" expences easy. There are many debts ow-
" ing to him; but as he consulted his va-
" nity more than any other sentiment,
" whenever he lent money, most of the
" bills have no real value. He also owes
" a great deal, and as there are several
" large sums in arrears due by govern-
" ment, nothing is more difficult than the
" settling of those accounts, since Mr.
" Depréval can no longer carry on the

" same operations. If to all this you add " the claims of his family, several indivi- " duals of which have already taken their " residence in my house, and look upon " me as the ruin of their pretensions, or " as an obstacle to their rapaciousness, " you will have a pretty just idea of my " situation.

" All my acquaintances are deserting " me; I am neither surprised nor grieved " at this; had I been at liberty to follow " my own inclination, I would have been " beforehand with them in this desertion, " which is rendered indecent only by the " moment they have chosen to effect it. " I know, that in order to exculpate the " baseness of their conduct towards me, " they say that I have ruined my husband " by my pomp and coquettry; but you, " my dear mother, have taught me that " we have no better judge of our actions " than conscience, and mine is perfectly

" easy. Ah! were you still with me, I " would not hesitate in making a total sa- " crifice of my right to the heirs of Mr. " Depréval, for I am persuaded that when " his affairs are settled, there will be a " pretty considerable property still left. " My diamonds alone would enable us to " live in that mediocrity which I have " always been fond of. Advise me; what " shall I do? What will become of me? " alone, absolutely alone in the world, at " my age! O my mother! you will pity " your Suzette; your friendship is the only " thing she is wishing for, and the only " thing also which circumstances can never " take away from her.

" I will not conceal it from her who has " been in the habit of knowing my most " secret thoughts; I oftentimes feel my- " self ready to yield to discouragement; " but, when I fix my eyes upon your por- " trait, when I recollect what you have

" been, and with what resignation you
" have borne your fate, I recover a little
" fortitude. Yet, alone in the world! this
" idea is dreadful. Ah! had your son
" been married to Miss Burton, I could at
" least hope that your arms would be open
" to me: but I must not think of it; I
" feel it but too well."

When I returned to the company, I endeavoured as much as possible to conceal the grief I felt at the contents of Suzette's letter; but it was particularly my son's eyes I wished to deceive. He knew that I had heard from France, and the curiosity which was visible in his looks encreased the embarrassment of my situation. " She is well," said I to him immediately, as I pressed his hand; " come this evening into my apartment, and I will give you a more circumstantial account." These few words were sufficient to calm his agitation, and we were enabled fully to enjoy

the satisfaction of possessing the family of Mr. Burton. They did not expect from us any bursts of gaiety, but that soft, delicate friendship which only springs from the heart, and which was not hindered by the various sensations which Suzette's letter had produced in me.

"My son," said I to Adolphus, as soon as we were alone, "these are the news I have received; read them, and tell me candidly what effect they will have on you. To secure your confidence, I will tell you, that whatever may be your projects, I approve of them beforehand. I know what I have experienced for wishing to be wiser than you; henceforth I shall content myself with giving you my advice, if you ask it, but never will I determine your conduct."

I then gave into his hands the letter of Madam Depréval. I looked at him with

attention, while he was perusing it; but his figure underwent so many changes, it exhibited so many sensations, continually succeeding each other, and frequently all at the same time, that it was impossible for me to determine which showed itself the most. He was for some minutes silent, and again began to read the whole of the letter, but with the greatest calmness.

"You have promised, Madam," said he at last, "not to oppose my wishes in any thing: in your daughter's unhappy situation, there is but one way how to proceed. Write to her, my dear mother; urge her to come to us, and give me the letter to carry to Paris."

"You, Adolphus?" I cried I.—"She is alone in the world, Madam, and none but you or I can fly to her assistance."—"But the danger of your going to France?"—"If I considered no one but

myself, I would brave it without fear; but I do not forget what I owe to my mother, and I look upon dangers as nothing, when compared with the motives by which I am actuated. However, I have no objection to abide by Mr. Burton's advice; we may consult him, if you wish it."—"Whatever you please, my son, I repeat it again; but do you think Suzette will consent to follow you?"—"She no longer loves me, then, Madam! Your conversation had frequently led me to think otherwise." I remained silent. "Well!" added he, "had she even ceased to love me, should that be a reason for me to alter my resolution? Am I not indebted for my whole existence to the benefactress of my mother? to Suzette, who has preserved her? who has done more—who has restored her to me? If I were married, says she, she would fly to your arms; here I swear it, were such a sacrifice necessary to her hap-

piness and yours, I would not hesitate a single moment."

—" Come to my arms, my son; your sentiments are the glory and felicity of your mother. Ah! I own it with joy, Suzette and you were born for each other. Endowed with the same sensibility, both capable of sacrificing to your duty a passion the most lively at your age, I dare conceive the hope that your union will meet with no obstacles. But where is the necessity of exposing yourself to fresh dangers? Suzette will come, do not doubt it; a letter from her mother will be quite sufficient."

—" Do you believe it, Madam, you that know her? A letter may miscarry; but even should she arrive time enough to prevent your son from falling a victim to that solitude which causes his despair, are you not afraid her excessive de-

licacy should mislead her? She may think that she is indebted for your approbation only to my tears; she will think herself generous by renouncing happiness, and she will prolong her uncertainty and her torments. However she may be forsaken by the whole world, ah! how many struggles will not such a woman as Suzette experience, before she can determine to come and meet a husband, if you pronounce that name; and if you do not pronounce it, is it not her duty to remain more than ever far from your son? In her situation, how many rules of worldly decorum is she not to observe? A heart like Suzette's will consider them as duties, which she ought to perform. Who will be able to conquer her scruples, if it is not Love? Who can plead his own cause before Suzette, but myself? But I hardly rely upon Love; what will effect her determination, what indeed can alone overcome every obstacle, is the appearance of danger to which I

shall expose myself for her. She will follow me, for fear she should again deprive you of your son."

—"Adolphus, Adolphus, I see it but too well; there is but one sentiment to which nothing is impossible, and that is—Love. You may, without any hesitation, add to the motives which actuate your desire to go, the pleasure of seeing her the sooner, of witnessing the emotions with which the sight of you will inspire her, in short, of enjoying in its whole extent the happiness of being loved."

—"Well! mother, should your son aspire to so much felicity, would you blame him?"—"No, my good friend; we will consult Mr. Burton, and I promise you to abide by his decision." He embraced me, and I remained too full of my joy, my hopes and my fears, to be able to taste any sleep. As much as he, I wished to possess Su-

zette; I had long felt that our natural felicity depended on that union. She alone could exercise and satisfy that deep sensibility, which had ever been the principal feature of Adolphus's character; I had sufficiently studied her heart, to know that Adolphus could alone make her happy; and without her, or my son, my existence was really incomplete. This disposition did not calm my uneasiness about the voyage, but it took away from me the power of opposing it. Besides, among the motives which love had suggested to Adolphus, there were several which appeared as plausible to myself as to him. I had promised to abide by Mr. Burton's advice, and I waited for it with impatience.

Early the next morning, my son brought him to my apartment; he had already acquainted him with his intended voyage, as well as the reasons that determined him to undertake it. Mr. Burton asked me

whether I had any particular motives for approving that project: "for," added he, "I cannot as yet see any necessity for a second separation, and I have said so to your son. When a person comes to consult me, I think it is to have my advice, and I give it. I agree with you that all the sentiments which make the charm of life, especially gratitude, concur with the desire you feel of possessing Madam Depréval; but all this may be done by letter, and I give you my word that the means I shall employ in order to send it safe, will leave you no kind of uneasiness upon that point. My good friend," said he, turning to Adolphus "I repeat it once more, you can be of no service to Madam Depréval in her affairs; on the contrary, the danger to which she would see you exposed, would deprive her of that tranquillity of mind, which is so necessary to her, in order to settle them some way or other. No doubt, the solitude in which she lives is very unpleasant; but you

cannot hope that she will immediately admit you to intimacy, and I will say that the hope, the certainty of coming into the arms of Madam de Senneterre, will alone be sufficient to calm the perturbation of her spirits. You must have a regard for her delicacy, and think of your mother. To-day, I believe, you might, without danger, go all over France; but who can say that to-morrow, or in a week's time, you will be at liberty to come out of it? Those devils of your countrymen . . . . ."—"Sir!" cried my son.—"Aye, aye; I know you do not like to hear any body speak ill of your country, and you are in the right. Come, we will only talk of your mother. Do you consider all that the uncertainty of your fate would occasion to her, to my family, to me, Sir, who feel for you the friendship of a father? If I had his authority, you should not go. The recollection of the past would give me courage sufficient to re-

sist, and Madam de Senneterre, I am sure, thinks as I do."

"Sir," answered I, seeing that Adolphus was silent, "I dare not, indeed, have a will. The recollection of the past, of which you avail yourself, is nevertheless what takes away my courage: I feel but too sensibly what I should suffer, if I knew my son exposed to the vengeance of the laws that proscribe him; but I feel with equal sensibility, that, if he were to lose a second time, through my fault, the opportunity of making himself happy, his grief would bring me down to my grave."

—"Well, Madam, let him consult first his mother, prudence, and his friends: let him be contented with going to wait for Madam Depréval at the neutral port where she can embark for this country, and let us leave to that woman, whose friendship and

courage are known to you, the care of rewarding his conduct."

This advice was too prudent for Adolphus to reject it: it also suited me very much; I could, without fear, entrust to Suzette's care my happiness and my son's life: it was therefore agreed that we should adopt this plan. Mr. Burton was to return to London the next day, with his family. I gave to Adolphus, who accompanied them, the following letter, and the tears I shed at the moment of his departure, told him, better than any words I might have made use of, that my future destiny depended upon his.

Madam de Senneterre to Madam Deprèval.

" How could my beloved daughter be-
" lieve herself alone in the world? Have
" I then ceased to exist? And must my
" son be unhappy, that Suzette may find an

" asylum at her mother's? Ah! my friend,
" I have so often lamented my having op-
" posed a marriage, which alone could
" make the happiness of two beings, in
" whom are centered all my affections,
" that you will not punish me again by a
" refusal. Have I not been sufficiently so
" by the departure of Adolphus, by the
" tears which you wished to conceal from
" me, and of which it was so easy for me
" to guess the cause?

" My friend, I have read in your heart,
" and it is upon that heart alone that I
" now depend. As yet, you have lived
" only to perform sacred and painful du-
" ties; the time is come when they all will
" accord with your happiness. Come, my
" friend, come to receive at the altar a
" name which my gratitude has long since
" given you. We ask no fortune, we want
" Suzette only. I feel, my dear daughter,
" how much your delicacy will have to

" suffer; I know that I myself ought to
" go and fetch you; but there are situa-
" tions, and such is mine, before which
" every consideration prescribed by society
" will absolutely vanish.

" Suzette, on her knees does your mo-
" ther beg of you the happiness of her son;
" will you deny her, when you are informed
" that this son, who never ceased to love
" you, who adores in you the person that
" saved me from humiliation, is determin-
" ed, if you should hesitate a moment, to
" go himself, and claim your hand at the
" risk of his life? Well, that project,
" which will make you shudder, has re-
" ceived my consent; so true it is that
" death appears to us both far preferable to
" the grief of living without you. Adieu,
" my friend; it is Adolphus has taken upon
" himself to transmit to you the prayer of
" his mother."

" P. S. Lest your modesty should make " you apprehend that you owe this step of " mine only to my son's love and my gra- " titude, I will tell you that we have con- " sulted Mr. Burton, from whom we have " concealed nothing, since your widow- " hood. This respectable man says, that, " were he a peer of the realm, if he could " meet with another Suzette, he would pre- " fer her for his son's wife; but that there " are not two to be found; those are his " expressions."

Adolphus to Madam Depréval.

" Madam, The enclosed letter from my " mother will inform you that she and Mr. " Burton have alone prevented me from " braving every danger in order to go and " throw myself at your feet. I know not " what hope inspired me at the moment I " was forming this project; but, on ap- " proaching nearer to you, that I might

" sooner learn the determination of my
" fate, hope has forsaken me. In fact, how
" shall I believe that she whom I have
" abandoned, whom I suffered to be sacri-
" ficed, will now trust to my love and unite
" her destiny with mine? Will you recol-
" lect, Suzette, (excuse me for making use
" of a name, which is so dear to me) that
" never did a single look from you permit
" me to guess whether you were sensible to
" the passion of the unfortunate Adol-
" phus? Ah! had I been so happy as to
" interest you, had my anxious heart been
" enabled to conceive the least hope, had
" a declaration from Suzette put a stop to
" my flight, I swear by all the torments I
" I have endured since my fatal departure,
" that no power on earth, no consideration
" whatever could have dissolved an union
" formed by love. But you know not that
" imperious sentiment, which carries the
" soul beyond itself, which masters every
" thought, and uniting our whole exist-

" ence to that of the beloved object, decides
" the happiness or misery of our life. You
" have never loved, Suzette, I have said so
" to myself a thousand times, since our
" separation; you seem to be born for
" virtue, for friendship, but not to share
" the love you inspire. What then shall
" be my future fate? what will become of
" my mother, if you are resolved to for-
" sake us? I dare not carry my looks in-
" to futurity.

" But how can I speak to you about my-
" self, when your situation, your misfor-
" tunes should alone occupy my thoughts!
" My mother offers you an asylum; the
" friendship subsisting between both would
" not suffer you to hesitate a moment, if
" she was alone, or if I was . . . . Suzette,
" I dare not finish a sentence which a cold
" hand has traced in your last letter. I,
" married! Ah! when so many obstacles
" forbade me even hope, I had taken my

" solemn oath never to unite my destiny
" to that of another woman; my recollec-
" tions were alone sufficient to the happi-
" ness or misery of the remainder of my
" life. However, Madam, were my pre-
" sence to be a hindrance to the felicity
" which you promise yourself by living
" with my mother, speak; provided you be
" happy, there is no kind of sacrifice I am
" not prepared to accomplish. You, Su-
" zette: you alone are what employs my
" thoughts, what has employed them, and
" will not cease to employ them to the last
" moment of my life. Could I but ex-
" press the purity of my feelings, I pre-
" sume to think that you would be soften-
" ed. Was it me I was pitying since our
" separation? Was it for my happiness I
" was trembling? Oh! no, my fate was
" determined; but I knew Suzette's deli-
" cacy, and the fear that a marriage in
" which she had not been consulted .....
" Dreadful recollection! Madam, have

" pity upon me! I wait your orders, I wait " with as much impatience as terror the " sentence you are going to pronounce. " Suzette, Suzette, the life of the wretched " Adolphus rests in your hands."

I had remained alone in the country, having refused the offer which Mr. Burton had made to leave with me one of his daughters, whose society would please me most. There are situations, in which solitude is less irksome than those diversions in which we must partake through complaisance, and yet have no effect upon the thoughts which continually agitate our minds. The nearer I saw the approach of happiness, the greater was my fear, on considering all the chances which might impede it, or perhaps destroy it for ever. My son had written to me, to say that his voyage had been quick; I was counting the moments with impatience; at last, I saw him return—and without Suzette. It would be impossible for me to

deſcribe the effect this had upon me. He perceived it, and haſtened to comfort me by ſaying he had obeyed Madam Depréval's orders. At the same time, he gave me the two following letters.

Madam Depréval to Mr. de Senneterre.

" Sir, I have received your mother's " letter, and haſten to answer it; I send it " to you unsealed, that you may not accuse " me of being silent about your's. You " cannot have forgot how little time has " elapsed since the death of a husband, " whose goodness has often consoled me " for the misfortunes inseparable from life. " If I possess over you so much command " as you say, you will not deny the request " I make, that you go and carry that letter " to my benefactress. Believe me, Sir; " your project of coming to France has " made a lively impression upon me, and " I could never forgive myself for having

" exposed you to dangers, the bare men-
" tion of which makes my heart shudder
" every instant."

Madam Depréval to Madam de Senneterre.

" Is it you, my mother, that can ask on
" your knees that I should make the hap-
" piness of your son, that I should go and
" live always, always with my benefac-
" tress? Is it me, you ask? Suzette, who
" would have thought herself but too
" happy in being your servant, and whom
" a single mark of your kindness is suffi-
" cient to comfort in all her miseries! O,
" Madam, you tell me that you have read
" in my heart; alas! I was afraid of read-
" ing in it myself, and too well do I feel
" that there are sentiments impossible to be
" overcome and to be concealed from the
" eyes of friendship. I should never for-
" give my weakness, did not your good-
" ness in calling me your daughter, tell me,

" that, at least, I have done every thing
" that lay in my power to fulfil my duty to
" my husband; Madam de Senneterre's
" approbation, more than my own reflec-
" tions, prevents my blushing at the recol-
" lection of my feelings.

" Doubtless, you are well acquainted
" with the heart of Suzette, since, but too
" certain of the sentiments which have al-
" ways animated her, you have expressed a
" fear that she would refuse to go and live
" with you. But, Madam, without being
" proud of the praises your goodness la-
" vishes upon me, I will silence every thing
" that is personal, and assure you, that a
" command, nay, a wish from my mother,
" will ever be the only rule of my conduct.
" Suzette shall go, she shall throw herself
" at your feet, and return you thanks for
" your kindness. But, Madam, will you
" think it extraordinary that I should re-
" quest your son will not wait my arrival,

" and that I beg you will come and meet
" me in London? I want to see you
" alone, or at least, in the midst of Mr.
" Burton's family. I so far rely upon your
" complaisance in this respect, that I shall
" not wait for your answer. I must like-
" wise beg leave to say, that, as I dare not
" foresee how Mr. de Senneterre will act,
" I am fully determined not to acquaint
" him with the place I shall embark at, and
" it would be the more imprudent in him
" to come to Paris at this moment, as he
" would not find me there. I know not
" when I shall return thither; not even
" whether I shall go at all before my de-
" parture.

" Farewel, my mother, my benefactress;
" farewel for still very little time; and
" then, constantly by you, she whom you
" have raised up to you, will learn by your
" example how to make herself beloved by
" those who would have united their des-

" tiny to her own. Ah! Madam, how my " heart is panting at this idea! Is it true " that I shall have it my power to make " him happy?"

" Always Suzette!" I exclaimed, as soon as I had read her letter. " Oh! yes, mother," answered Adolphus; " always the same: making no sacrifice to love, and yet forcing him who loves her to adoration, to respect her will, and to admire even her cruelty. Such have I seen her seven years ago, such do I see her now."

We set off for London the following week; Adolphus thought he was hastening the time by yielding to his impatience. The happy day at length arrived, and we were all united. Mr. Burton and his wife were pleased to lead Suzette to the altar. Her modesty, her sensibility, and the graces spread all over her person, soon

justified all the praises we had lavished upon her.

Before she left France, she had provided for Augustine and her husband; she had come to a settlement with the heirs of Mr. Depréval, and her fortune, which my son left to her entire disposal, was put into the hands of the worthy merchant who had stood her father at the altar.

We soon returned to the habitation which I had purchased from the wreck of my former opulence. There, between friendship, love, and all the sentiments which attach to life Adolphus, his wife and I, we enjoy a tranquillity, which has cost us so many tears, regretting neither riches nor titles, so often rendered painful by the duties which they impose on their possessors. Suzette, forgetting that we owe her our happiness, behaves herself as if

she were indebted to us for her own, and by all her actions compels us to repeat every day, with pleasure renewed: "*Always, always Suzette!*"

THE END.

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